The Poetry of Charles Simic

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—January 24, 1976, 60 cents

Ambassador College
JAN 26 1976
LIBRARY

Flexible Chou — *Benjamin I. Schwartz*
Upsetting SALT — *Peter J. Ognibene*
Reagan's Advantage — *Ken Bode*
Adèle H. — *Stanley Kauffmann*
Bourgeois Europe — *James Joll*
Virginia Woolf — *W. W. Robson*
Public Post — *The Editors*

Desegregating Boston, Part II
Joseph Featherstone

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB

from Washington
January 24, 1976

Noncandidate Muskie

The son of Stephen Marciszewski, the tailor, answers the President of the United States on prime time this week.

Mr. Ford says his State of the Union address (January 19) is "the most important speech of my administration," for in it he outlines the program on which he will build his election campaign.

And for Sen. Muskie of Maine (whose father's name was shortened by the immigration inspector when the family landed in America) it is a vital speech, too. He has been given an hour simultaneously on three networks for an unprecedented rejoinder for the Democratic Congressional Majority. At this writing we think it could be as illuminating to the voters on the actual issues of the election, as distinct from the froth, hokum and personalities of the primary contests, as anything since the Nixon-Kennedy debates. It could be a new thing in American government, a regular "State of the Union Reply." How important it is depends on two men, President Ford, who now everywhere sees Ronald Reagan giving a packaged Hollywood grin over his shoulder, and Sen. Muskie, 61, who once ran for Vice President with Hubert Humphrey, who has just announced that he is running again for the Senate, and who recalls his tough but idyllic boyhood in Rumford, Maine, where "we bathed once a week in a tin tub heated on the stove."

The State of the Union address is a unique political art form required by the Fathers who wrote that "he (the President) shall from time to time give to the Congress Information of the State of the Union . . . " Normally a President sanctimoniously tells the folks how lucky they are, what a good job he's doing, and how they must now all work together for splendid times that inevitably lie ahead.

President Ford last year was a glorious exception to this and will be rewarded for it by history. The poor man had been President five short months. And he looked down on the joint session and announced honestly and modestly that "the state of the Union is not good" and that "I have got bad news, and I don't expect much, if any, applause." Whatever faults Mr. Ford may display hereafter that fine hour will be remembered.

Just for contrast, Richard Nixon's State of the Union address in January 1974 carried the oracular promise, "There will be no recession in the United States of America." Cheers. Followed by the worst slump since the '30s. And Mr. Nixon in the midst of the tightening Watergate coil announced that he had "no intention whatever" of quitting, and was out in seven months.

A lot of people are dismissing Mr. Ford too early, we think. For one thing Ronald Reagan has tied an anchor round his own leg in this proposal to cut the federal budget by $90 billion and turn the services (and costs) over to the states. We were up in New Hampshire with Reagan, (who is an attractive, patient-spoken, ultra-conservative, we thought, with a weakness for snappy box-office answers). There have been a lot of political gaffes up there in treacherous New Hampshire but this $90 billion one is the worst we can remember, and we don't see how he can get out of it even if he squirms like Houdini.

Another thing about President Ford: though his Gallup poll rating is presently down to 39 percent, so what? Polls aren't people and Truman's, for example, was below that, and when Truman ran in 1948 daily newspapers were against him four to one. So what did voters do? They elected Harry. If we had to bet about 1976 we should think the Democrats would win this year, but it is way too early to say.

And now a word about Sen. Muskie. This isn't the first time he has answered Presidents. In 1970 he made two replies for his party to Nixon. The first one was after the State of the Union speech where the thrust was on environmental pollution. Muskie was chairman of a Senate committee on the subject and it was natural for him to make the response, which was polite enough and didn't repeat his earlier taunt that the administration was slogan-rich and action-poor.

A different Muskie answered Nixon's savage eve-of-the-election broadcast, November 2, 1970. All the President's paranoid rancor welled up against the crowd that had thrown rocks at his motorcade in San Jose, California. He recorded the speech in Phoenix, videotaped in black and white with harsh lights on his features like the one in his debate with Jack Kennedy, years before. He implied that political opponents were encouraging lawlessness.

Muskie's reply was quiet and powerful. Forty million people watched. It was put on back-to-back with the Nixon speech. His voice was measured and reassuring: "Something has gone wrong," he said of the Nixon vendetta: "It has been led, inspired and guided from the highest offices of the land"; in the effort to "turn common distress into partisan advantage," he said, "they imply that Democratic candidates . . . actually favor violence and champion the wrong-doer. This," he said quietly "is a lie. And the American people know it is a lie." It made a sensation.

Under Muskie's exterior calm there is a turbulent interior. He faced down a heckler once and an awed staff member whispered, "Geez, he's got a glare that would intimidate Mount Rushmore." His reply to Nixon really launched his 1972 presidential bid. He said he would fire J. Edgar Hoover first thing. He was "front-runner" for a year, which is as slippery a log to stand up on as any Maine lumberjack ever attempted, and he slipped off it that snowy day in the Manchester, New Hampshire primary four years ago, tripped up by the original dirty trick, the phony "Canuck" letter.

So why does he speak for the Democratic Congress now? Mike Mansfield picked him, for one thing, because he isn't a presidential candidate—as everybody else seems to be. Besides that, his rangy 6-foot 4 frame reminds some of a moose—they are big, loosely hung, with a good deal of reserve power. But more important, for a year now, Muskie has known as much about the budget as anybody in Congress, and Mr. Ford's speech is on the budget. Budget Committee Chairman Muskie's effort to keep appropriations in line with revenues could be the most important thing in the 94th Congress. It's a startling new idea. Sometimes he has seemed like Big Daddy leading a child. But he isn't a candidate—he says.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 174, No. 4, Issue 3185, January 24, 1976. Published weekly (except the issues of January 3, July 10, August 14, August 28) and distributed by* The New Republic, *1220 19th Street, N.W. Washington, DC 20036. Phone 331-7494. Single copy, 60¢; Yearly subscriptions, $21; foreign, $24; students, $14. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies and changes of address to Subscription Department,* The New Republic, *381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302.* *Copyright 1976 by The New Republic, Inc.* *Item g. Second class postage paid at Washington, DC and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Reader's Guide.*

Contents

Comment
Third Class Service,
First Class Rates

Flexible Chou—*Benjamin I. Schwartz*

Reagan's Advantage—*Ken Bode*

Upsetting SALT II—*Peter J. Ognibene*

Busing the Powerless—*Joseph Featherstone*

Films—*Stanley Kauffmann*

Music—*B.H. Haggin*

Poetry—*Charles Simic*

Charles Simic: An Appreciation
—*Robert B. Shaw*

Books—Reviews by *W.W. Robson, James Joll, Millicent Bell, John Hollander.*

Third Class Service First Class Rates

The same arguments that led to the replacement of the old US Post Office Department by an "efficient" and "businesslike" government corporation should now lead us to scrap the new US Postal Service. The 1970 legislation replacing the post office was approved on the basis of the case made by Frederick Kappel, the former chairman of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, that better management would reduce costs by 20 percent. "There is no telling what greater savings could be made over the long pull by businesslike management in the Post Office," Kappel said in 1968.

The postal corporation of Kappel's dreams has produced instead deteriorating service at high prices and the highest real deficit in postal history—almost three billion dollars. (The current level of government subsidy of about $1.5 billion is now disguised in the Postal Service budget as "income.") The new 13-cent first class stamp symbolizes the current plight of the operation. By 1980 the same stamp will likely cost 23 cents, and the Postal Service will be in deeper trouble, having priced its services beyond the reach of many of its customers and lost more of its business to private competition and the rapidly developing electronic communications industry. The Postal Service hopes to stem the decline in postal volume—the first since the Great Depression of the '30s—by raising its advertising budget from eight million dollars to $15 million. What is it advertising? The virtues of letter writing, that's what. Don't phone; send a letter to a friend.

In his visionary scheme, Fred Kappel evidently failed to take account of two factors: first that the Post Office is a necessary public service (it's even mentioned in the Constitution) that must draw on public funds to maintain a basic communications network for the nation, and second, that it is impossible to reduce costs substantially as long as 85 percent of the service's expenses go for employees, who of course are represented by powerful unions. There's nothing inherently wrong with relying on manual labor to haul the mail, or on Ben Franklin's pigeon hole method to sort it. In fact it may even be a good idea to halt the expensive attempt to mechanize the mails—a modernized system which, after all, performs at only 86 percent efficiency. (Thus the puzzling delays in delivery between major cities, the birthday card that arrives a day late, the mortgage payment 10 days overdue.) However it makes no sense to invest billions of dollars in mechanization while at

The Staff

Chairman, Editorial Board—Martin Peretz
Publisher—Robert J. Myers
Managing Editor—David Sanford
Literary Editor—Roger Rosenblatt
Senior Editor—John Osborne
Associate Editor—Eliot Marshall
'76 Politics Editor—Ken Bode
Assistant to the Editors—Gwen Somers
Assistant to the Literary Editor—
Cherryl Holt
Films and Theater—Stanley Kauffmann
Guest Poetry Editor—Robert Fitzgerald
Contributing Editors—Robert Brustein, Robert Coles, Joseph Featherstone, Gerald W. Johnson, Nathan Lewin, Roger Morris, Peter J. Ognibene, John Seelye, Tad Szulc, Melville J. Ulmer, Michael Walzer, Paul R. Wieck
Production Manager—Ilene Briggin
Assistant Production Manager—
Elise D. Ritter
Circulation Manager—
Elizabeth Scanlan O'Brien
Business Manager—Pearl Wilmer Ramsey
Assistant Business Manager—
Constance Cole Twining
New Republic Feature Syndicate—
Leslie B. Seagrave
Advertising—Beth W. Newburger
(202) 331-7494
Receptionist—Ruby McGowan
Staff Assistant—Maria P. Bernabe
Leadership Network Advertising—
Robert F. Sennott, Jr., New York
(212) 683-0830

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the same time agreeing to "no lay-off" labor contracts. In combining the corporate taste for expensive machinery with a political weakness for featherbedding, the Postal Service has delivered the taxpayer to the worst of both worlds.

As a government corporation, the Postal Service was supposed to break even by 1984 because, it was said, letter writers, bill payers, creditors, advertisers and magazine publishers would begin paying the true costs of the services they use. As the evidence shows, however, expenses are outstripping even the income from very high rates. Finally there's a general awareness—perhaps even in the Postal Service—that the agency does have certain public functions that cannot be phased out. Inefficient rural post offices, Saturday delivery and special delivery simply cannot be made cost effective by raising postal rates and putting all the burden on the users. If that approach were taken, many of these services would have to end, something the public won't tolerate in any case. Federal financial support will continue to be needed.

For Congress to reimpose direct control over the mail again would not be without drawbacks. There would be more of the kind of cronyism that recently wrenched all copying machines out of post offices, a favor from Congress to small businessmen who wanted the copy making income themselves. Nonetheless the public interest is likely to be better served if the postal service is kept directly under public rather than under private corporate control. The nation's 12,000 rural post offices, marginal in terms of dollars and cents but not necessarily in terms of community morale, are more likely to remain open under congressional control than under the management of the Postal Service. The costs of such social obligations, however, cannot simply be passed along to the mail users. What would happen if the Postal Service were asked to take on new responsibilities in the fields of public assistance, rural community development or electronic transmission? What levels of cost and inefficiency would corporate managers tolerate if told to hire more (not fewer) people, to improve mail delivery, to increase the frequency of delivery?

Those questions are of no concern to the present postal corporation's management. In these nerve-racking days, they have signed up with a private firm for $100,000 worth of medical check-ups for the ever increasing number of postal brass. Staying in place, staying fit, is their goal.

There won't be any change in the structure or philosophy of the Postal Service this year. That awaits the election of a Democrat as President in November. In the meantime there is little to do except remind the Postal Service of its more important responsibilities. Paul Simon (D, Ill.), a freshman congressman, has proposed a way to educate the head of the Postal Service in the problems and responsibilities of his job. "I suggest," Simon said, "that for three days he visit offices in his headquarters; for two days he should visit with supervisors, talk to them; for four days he should serve as a clerk in a post office; for two days he should serve as a rural mail carrier; for two days he should work in one of the small rural post offices they are trying to close. They want to close 12,000 of them. I suggest that for five days he talk to postmasters, his executives out in the field, people who have common sense, and who know what is going on."

The final step will be to replace the top managers altogether, but not the system. It appears inarguable, however, that the retreat from the 200-year philosophy of the post office as a public service is clearly the root cause of today's problem. The solution is to return to that philosophy.

Flexible Chou

With the passing of Chou En-lai, the world has lost one of its most extraordinary political virtuosi. A close study of his career reveals consummate mastery of a particular combination of skills—resourcefulness and infinite patience as a negotiator, a talent for compromise or seeming compromise, an indefatigable and unflappable capacity to maneuver among groups and individuals often in situations of violent conflict, and an instinct for survival in the midst of the most unpromising political circumstances. He has often been praised as an administrator—as the man who could "keep the shop running." Yet one suspects that even here his skill was more in the handling of people than in the creation of institutional devices or in day-to-day management.

He brings to mind the old Chinese mythic image of the Taoist-legalist strategist who responds with an unerring instinct to all the shifts and turns in external circumstances. One attribute of such adepts was their "knowledge of men"—their ability to fathom the preoccupations of others and to relate themselves to these preoccupations. No doubt, Chou's celebrated charm, wit and ability to relate to others was a native endowment. Nor is there any reason to think that he did not genuinely enjoy his often extremely lengthy exchanges with foreigners, for he seems to have been genuinely curious about many things. Yet it is quite clear that his charm and ability to relate were firmly under control and in the service of political goals.

We often tend to associate such political talents with the opportunist and careerist—the "operator" on the make. Yet in the case of Chou En-lai one has the curious impression of a kind of impersonality and self-abnegation which was in marked contrast to the ever-obtrusive personality of the Chairman. I have no doubt whatsoever that, from beginning to end, he was deeply

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

committed to the creation of a "strong and wealthy China" and to what he regarded as orthodox Marxist-Leninist communism, however much the contents of his orthodoxy may have changed under the impact of circumstances. On the whole, however, he did not brood much about matters of theory. Having made his commitments, he devoted his skills to furthering the success of the political movement which he regarded as the instrument for achieving his goals.

After his rapid rise to prominence during the period of the first Kuomintang-Communist alliance, he remained firm in his loyalty to the movement during the bleak period of the late '20s and early '30s. He managed to survive the savage and even sordid factional conflicts of the party, but it was, after all, survival within a movement whose own survival was by no means certain. Furthermore his survival may have been a function of his ability to convince others of his willingness to forego supreme positions of power. It was this willingness which may have made it possible for him to play down his personal role. During the 1931-35 period, he did play a fairly prominent role, and one which brought him into conflict with Mao Tse-tung. Yet having concluded after 1935 that the future of the movement lay in the direction being pursued by Mao, he seems to have subordinated himself to the Chairman and to have accepted—at least outwardly—Mao's claims to political and ideological leadership. However much he might disagree with the Chairman, he continued to believe thereafter that Mao's spiritual authority must be kept intact. Having demonstrated that he did not covet the highest prize of power, Chou seemed able to convince Mao that his talents were absolutely required in maintaining the state as an ongoing enterprise. Even during the Cultural Revolution when assorted leftists were aiming their attacks at Chou as China's "second Khrushchev," he evidently continued to enjoy the Chairman's protection. In the words of one of the leading cultural revolutionaries and an old Mao lieutenant, Chen Po-ta, he remained China's indispensable "chief of staff."

Given the nature of his position, to what extent did he participate in the initiation of striking new departures in domestic and foreign policy? His whole political style and posture suggest a conservative rather than innovative approach. For a large part of his career he unblinkingly and complaisantly accepted the authority of Stalin in the international Communist movement and Soviet definitions of socialism. Even when one reads some of his utterances on the very brink of the open split between China and the Soviet Union, one is struck by a sense of deep resistance to the drift of events. To be sure, it was part of his official role to maintain the façade of unanimity until the last possible moment. Yet there is something excessive in his assertion of the "unbreakable unity" of China and the Soviet Union as late as 1959. This may have reflected a genuine fear of how the new leap into the unknown might affect the future of China and the future of communism. It is difficult to imagine that he would have, on his initiative, carried the conflict as far as the Chairman.

There is, of course, the fact that Chou played a pivotal role at Bandung in launching an independent policy toward what is now called the Third World and that he was a central figure in the Sino-American rapprochement. In spite of his prominence in those events, however, there is no reason to assume that he was actually the sole or even primary catalyst of these policies. At Bandung, he was, after all, able to bring to bear all his "united front" talents and habits. It must, however, be remembered that in 1955 this Chinese self-assertion did not yet involve a total rupture with the Soviet Union. As for the Sino-American rapprochement, it took place after the deep rupture with the Soviet Union had become an established fact. Under these new circumstances, he may have indeed been one of those who leaned in the direction of responding to American overtures. Again it is hardly likely that his role in promoting this new policy, for which he was the most prominent spokesman, was as important as that of Mao himself.

Similarly, in domestic affairs, one finds it difficult to believe that he would have strayed as far from Soviet models as the Chairman. On his own initiative, he might never have carried out the implacable assault on the old intelligentsia initiated by Mao. He would probably never have dismantled the entire cultural apparatus. Yet in the early years of the People's Republic, he was active in carrying out a Stalinist type of campaign against the intelligentsia. But in 1956 he seems to have played some part in the beginnings of the "Hundred Flowers" campaign by his call for a more generous policy toward the intellectuals and provided many "pragmatic" reasons for such a policy. Yet it must be noted that this initiative took place within the context of the post-Stalin "liberalization" in the Soviet Union. He may have genuinely welcomed this liberalization but he did not run ahead of it. Whether he would have carried it to the imaginative lengths of Chairman Mao's "Hundred Flowers" campaign is also doubtful. On the other hand, it is difficult to believe that he would ever have raised the more radical types of challenges to the Soviet model of education posed by the Chairman. Finally it is easy to imagine the deep anxiety with which he viewed the dismantling of state and party structures during the Cultural Revolution, although the Cultural Revolution provides us with one of the most vivid instances of his extraordinary ability to navigate in rough waters.

In recent years there has been a general impression that during the '70s Chou En-lai finally came into his own as an architect of policy. The return of old party cadres, the meteoric resurrection of Teng Hsiao-ping, the emergence of a coalition of military and party

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

notables, the renewed stress on the sacred status of the party, and the seeming ability either to contain or co-opt members of the so-called "Left" all seemed to reflect Chou En-lai's policy preferences. I would nevertheless suggest that even this latter-day prominence was achieved only with the acquiescence of the Chairman himself. What is more, one may assume that the "moderate" coalition may have already achieved a tentative collective life of its own.

Thus the death of Chou may be something less than a crucial event in terms of its effects on domestic and foreign policy. Yet in a polity where sharp group conflicts remain unresolved, Chou's ability to conciliate, to maneuver, to pacify and to "hold things together" may be sorely missed. Despite the attention given to Chou's relationships with the dignitaries who trooped to see him, and particularly among these Secretary Kissinger, it is difficult to attach any specific weight or importance to his ability to deal with foreigners as a factor in foreign policy. This capacity will, however, sorely be missed by the foreigners themselves.

Benjamin I. Schwartz

Mr. Schwartz, who wrote *Chinese Communism and the Rise of Mao*, is professor of history and government at Harvard.

GOP Breakdown

Reagan's Advantage

One of the most persistent axioms of American presidential politics is that it is impossible for a sitting President to be denied renomination by his own party. In seven of the last 10 elections, incumbent Presidents were eligible to run again, were nominated and ran. The exceptions were Truman in 1952 and Johnson in 1968; Eisenhower in 1960 was ineligible. Even in 1948, when his electoral prospects seemed dismal, Harry Truman won the Democratic nod. In-party challenges are difficult to mount and they have traditionally been regarded as factionalizing and hopeless. Even when they contribute to the withdrawal of the incumbent—which the Kefauver challenge to Truman did in 1952 and the McCarthy-Kennedy challenge to Johnson did in 1968—those who successfully carry them off don't win the nomination. In both cases, the nomination went to someone not involved in the insurgency.

Part of the incumbency axiom rests on the support that a President automatically draws from other officeholders in his party and from the loyalty he commands from party organization types around the country. Moreover, nominating conventions, especially renominating conventions, have mostly been conclaves of party leaders and followers with established ties to the hierarchy; loyalists, not insurgents. So it comes as no surprise that when *The Christian Science Monitor* last week polled 150 Republican party officers around the country, eight out of 10 believed that Gerald Ford would be the Republican nominee in 1976. On the same day, another poll—this time of editors of mass circulation newspapers—weighed in with the same results. Only 14 percent of the editors thought Ronald Reagan would head this year's Republican ticket; 80 percent picked Ford.

None of this has slowed Ronald Reagan's bid for the presidency. Nor does it alter the assessment that Ford's chances of winning nomination to a full term right now are no better than 50-50.

Although Ford is a sitting President, the circumstances of his appointment and the rocky road of his tenure thus far are obvious reasons why presidential incumbency means less in his case than usual. Ford has been a truly national political figure for only about two years; he has never conducted a national campaign; and has barely established himself as President in major policy areas of his own administration. For example the bulwark of the public support enjoyed by the last two Republican Presidents, Eisenhower and Nixon, was confidence in their conduct of foreign affairs. As yet Ford enjoys none of this confidence and, in fact, gets little credit for his handling of foreign policy, which in the public eye is made by Henry Kissinger.

On the other side of the coin, Ford *is* the President, and the kinds of initiatives that raised Nixon from his third year through in 1971—détente, opening relations with China, and the wage price freeze—can be exercised only by the President. Only he can campaign from Moscow or Peking.

The Reagan insurgency represents a serious threat in part because his anti-Washington, anti-government ideology strikes a responsive chord in the country today. He is taken seriously also because he can command the resources—he has raised more money than Ford at this writing—to mount and sustain a nationwide effort. Finally the Reagan-Ford contest shapes up as a donnybrook because a new element has been added to the way this year's Republican nominating process is laid out.

Since 1968 both parties have undertaken some changes in the rules of the nominating game. Although these changes have been guided by different considerations—the Democrats gave the national party broad authority to determine the way states pick delegates, while the Republicans moved to strengthen states' rights within their party—the reforms have contributed in common to the devaluation of presidential incumbency.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Democratic reforms were by far the more sweeping. They coincided with a spate of new primaries—up from 17 in 1968 to more than 30 this year—most of which were fashioned to comply with the precepts of the Democrats' rules changes. In some places, GOP exemption clauses were included in new primary laws and modifications of old ones, but in general it is the imprint of what Democratic reformers wrought over the past eight years that's evident in this year's Republican process. The major premises of the original Democratic reforms may in fact be more clearly tested in this year's Republican contest than they were in the wide open Democratic competition four years ago.

Although the rules designed to broaden representation in the convention—the so-called quotas—commanded the most attention and caused the most strife, party theorists who framed the Democratic reforms were guided by what they learned in the 1968 challenge to Lyndon Johnson's presidency. They concentrated mainly on the less sexy, more technical aspects of the process. In a party system that realistically presents only two alternatives to the voters, they reasoned, each party must be sufficiently open to permit challenges to the established leadership—including an incumbent President. To accomplish that, they sought to frame a nominating process that would be accessible to rank and file influence in every respect and to eliminate procedural devices like the unit rule and proxy voting that tended to dilute the influence of grassroots party voters. The convention of 1972 provided some evidence of their success. Delegate slots went to active supporters of presidential candidates who campaigned for them; no longer were they distributed by state party leaders as rewards for loyal service or financial contributions. Direct grassroots influence has increased, and, in turn, party organizations have lost a large measure of influence in the naming of presidential nominees. Some of the effects of these changes will spill over into the Republican party this year and affect the contest between Ford's incumbency and Reagan's insurgency.

In the past a sitting President could normally count on state leaders in his party to deliver bound, loyal delegates to his cause. But the normal situation does not hold for Gerald Ford, because this year Republican organizations will have less strength than ever before in picking delegates, and because those organizations are not necessarily peopled by Ford loyalists.

The main cause of the diminished organizational strength is obviously the number of new primaries and the increase in the proportion of delegates now open to direct election. This year, more than two-thirds of the GOP delegates will be chosen in primaries—up from about 40 percent in 1968 and slightly over half in 1972. There are exceptions, as in Indiana and Michigan, where delegates are bound by the primary but chosen by party convention, but most of these delegates will be elected directly in primaries and given a mandate, thereby limiting not only the party organization's ability to determine how they vote but also its choice of who they will be.

As a consequence there will inevitably be more direct confrontations between Ford and Reagan this time than usually occur. In the 1968 contest for the GOP nomination, only four primaries were seriously contested. In Goldwater's year, 1964, there was serious

'It can be done!' said Ronnie 'And I'm the man to do it!'
MADE FOR $90 BILLION UNDER BUDGET!
THE CARDBOARD MESSIAH
STARRING RONALD REAGAN AS THE GIANT REPLICA OF A STATESMAN
ANOTHER DISASTER MOVIE?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

competition in only six states. This year, however, there are very few instances of party organizations of sufficient strength to avert a full scale Reagan-Ford showdown. One place where head-to-head contests may not come off is New York, where the state GOP has been under Nelson Rockefeller's thumb for nearly two decades. Another is Texas which probably belongs to John Connally. Neither prospect is particularly encouraging for Ford.

Several GOP primaries will be held for the first time this year in Southern states, places where the Republican party's organization is embryonic. In Arkansas, Alabama and Mississippi, for example, there is a very slim base of local, state or even federal officeholders; there the Republican party organizations amount to the state and national officers and not much more. Within the GOP, there are two schools of thought about how the six to eight Southern primaries will affect the Ford-Reagan contest. Some argue that the Republican party electorate in the deep South amounts to a distilled essence and will be Reagan to the core. Others say that the Southern primaries will arguably give President Ford a better shot than would caucus-convention arrangements at winning delegates in the heartland of Reagan country.

Assessments vary about the relative strength of the two men among organization Republicans, but it is probably fair to say that Ford holds a clear edge with GOP officeholders—particularly among his old colleagues in Congress—and Reagan is stronger at lower levels of the party. To date, Reagan has attracted endorsements and assistance only from freshman US Senators Jesse Helms (North Carolina) and Paul Laxalt (Nevada) and a few conservative representatives.

But the Ford campaign has apparently rejected the idea of attempting to blunt the effects of the Reagan insurgency by having GOP governors and senators run here and there as favorite sons or stand-ins for the President. Voters in recent presidential primaries have developed a notable inclination to vote for bona fide candidates, not uncommitted organization slates or favorite sons. One Republican senator, a natural as a stand-in, admits he's cautious: "When the going gets tough, it's possible for a stand-in to get touched up a little in his home state." Few are inclined to underestimate Reagan's potential right now.

Primaries attract activists. In the GOP, that segment has shown an ideological bent to the right, toward Reagan. Rep. William Steiger of Wisconsin, a Ford supporter who chaired the National Republican party's reform commission, says flatly, "The activists will be for Reagan."

By all estimates lower level GOP organization types —county chairmen and the like—are more conservative now than when Barry Goldwater launched his blitz in 1964, but they are also hoping that it will all be decided before it comes time for them to make a choice. Sen. Charles Mathias of Maryland, who recently ended his own presidential bid on grounds that any efforts he made to line up support among moderate Republicans would merely "put water on Reagan's wheel," puts it this way: "Organization people are reluctant to abandon an incumbent President. What they do about it—whether they work to protect him—is the important thing." Most are waiting for the outcomes in New Hampshire, Florida and Illinois to decide that question.

Those primaries will also decide whether Gerald Ford can finally settle into his job or whether America will face a full year with an unelected, obviously lame-duck President.

Ken Bode

Unruly Bombers, Unseen Missiles

Upsetting SALT II

by Peter J. Ognibene

After President Ford met General Secretary Brezhnev in Vladivostok in November 1974, a new strategic arms limitation agreement seemed imminent. The *aide-memoire* resulting from that meeting established an upper limit of 2400 strategic bombers and ballistic missiles, of which no more than 1320 of the latter could be equipped with multiple warheads capable of being directed independently to different targets. Administration spokesmen, notably Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, created the impression that the few remaining issues in dispute could be resolved in short order.

There has, however, been no SALT II agreement, but Kissinger is slated to go to Moscow this week to see if

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one can be worked out. The principal obstacles are two weapons which at the time of Vladivostok seemed quite insignificant: the Soviet Backfire bomber and the American strategic cruise missile.

Depending on one's interpretation, the Backfire is either a medium-range bomber for fighting wars on the periphery of the Soviet Union or a strategic weapon that threatens the United States. The reports of three Secretaries of Defense have been ambiguous. Melvin Laird speculated that the Backfire was an intercontinental bomber. His successor, Elliot Richardson, did not rule out such a role but concluded that "the weight of evidence favors the view that it is best suited for peripheral attack" (*viz.*, against China or Europe). Finally James Schlesinger emphasized the bomber's putative strategic role but admitted that its actual purpose remained "an open question. We must await evidence from basing, operational and training patterns, or tanker development before we can confidently judge whether the Soviets intend the Backfire for intercontinental missions and, if so, to what extent."

In a few weeks the new Secretary of Defense, Donald Rumsfeld, will weigh in with the Pentagon's latest assessment. Perhaps additional evidence will permit him to speak more definitively than his predecessors, but that seems unlikely. For one thing, the physical characteristics of the plane are not going to change: with arctic bases and in-flight refueling, the Backfire could reach American targets, thus making it in fact a strategic weapon.

Capabilities do not ineluctably beget intentions. Both the United States and Soviet Union, for instance, are technologically capable of building miniaturized nuclear "suitcase bombs," but neither has apparently perceived any reason to do so. Unlike the United States, which glorified strategic air power in the 1950s and early 1960s, Soviet military doctrine has tended to downplay the importance of long-range bombers and emphasize, instead, tactical aircraft as an adjunct to highly mobile land armies. Thus in Soviet eyes the Backfire may be essentially an efficient type of long-range artillery to prepare the battlefield for armor and infantry, much as massed Soviet guns pulverized the Nazis in World War II to pave the way for the Red Army.

The Soviet Union may communicate its actual intentions for the Backfire, as Schlesinger suggested, by its choice of bases, tankers and mode of operation. The United States would prefer to include the bomber under the Vladivostok ceiling, but the Soviet Union has resisted that idea for at least two reasons. First it considers the plane a tactical weapon, and second, more to the point, it is hoping to get some American concessions on aircraft in Western Europe: the so-called US forward-based systems (FBS). The American position has been that FBS is properly a subject for the multilateral force reduction talks between the NATO and Warsaw Pact nations and cannot be addressed in the bilateral SALT forum.

Thus the Backfire dilemma seems likely to be resolved only if the United States and Soviet Union can reach agreement on limiting its deployment. If the USSR decides not to modernize or enlarge its antiquated tanker fleet of some 50 aircraft and instead restricts the bomber to southern bases, it would clearly pose no strategic threat to the United States. (China might be concerned however.) But even this might not completely resolve the issue.

Although SALT is bilateral in that the United States and Soviet Union are the only participants, the negotiating process itself is many-sided. Just getting the diverse collection of agencies within the executive branch—from the somewhat dovish Arms Control and Disarmament Agency to the hawkish Joint Chiefs of Staff—to reach a common negotiating position is a complex and often frustrating exercise. But even if those obstacles and others posed by the Soviet negotiators can be overcome, the congressional ratification process remains to be dealt with. Indeed the offensive arms limitation agreement concluded by Nixon and Brezhnev four years ago was almost derailed by Sen. Henry M. Jackson and like-minded legislators who believed the Soviet Union had won an unacceptable advantage.

Because southern-based bombers can become northern-based simply by flying north, a SALT II agreement that doesn't limit the number of Backfires, even if it does restrict their deployment, may be unacceptable to Jackson and others who have influence in such matters. Consequently it would be wise for the administration to work hard now to involve Congress in its current negotiating efforts and, particularly, in any new initiatives. But that apparently is not being done. Kissinger has refused repeated requests to testify before Jackson's subcommittee on arms control and may well have to pay for this slight if and when he goes to Capitol Hill with a new arms control accord. As the presidential campaign heats up, SALT II could become a target of political opportunity.

News reports and analyses of the SALT II deadlock have attempted to link the Soviet Backfire to American cruise missiles, but they are—or at least ought to be—separable issues. Resolving one will not automatically

Where was TRB?

Due to an oversight, TRB's column which was to run in the issue dated January 17 was never forwarded to the printer. Be assured that TRB is well, Reagan-watching in the Northeast. When we told TRB what had happened, he said, "It's your loss." And that of our readers, for which we apologize. TRB appears in this issue as usual.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

resolve the other, and of the two, the cruise missile is clearly the more perplexing and, in the long run, the more dangerous.

The United States once deployed jet-powered, cruise missiles on submarines; but they were inefficient, inaccurate, inordinately large and could be fired only when the boats surfaced. After the navy went to sea with its Polaris fleet, which could launch ballistic missiles while remaining underwater, the service declared cruise missiles obsolete and deactivated them. The Pentagon's resurgent interest arose not out of any need for this type of weapon but out of the advance of technology. Improvements in miniaturized circuitry, accuracy, propulsion and warheads have made it possible to build nuclear-tipped cruise missiles which can be launched from the wing racks of air force bombers and from standard, 21-inch, submarine torpedo tubes. Defense officials have cited no present or projected Soviet threat to rationalize these weapons; rather, it seems to be a case *par excellence* of the technological imperative: it can be built; *ergo*, it must be built.

The navy and air force programs are currently in "advanced development," with preliminary flight tests scheduled to start soon. The Soviet Union, according to the testimony of Pentagon officials, is not known to be building strategic cruise missiles; so this is not a case of tit for tat. However it may be the administration's latest variant of the "bargaining chip" approach to arms negotiations.

According to several press accounts, the United States has linked its development of cruise missiles to a resolution of the Backfire question. The Soviet Union has rejected this effort at "linkage" and may have complicated matters further by raising the thorny FBS issue. Some reports indicate the United States has proposed that cruise missiles not be limited under the Vladivostok ceiling which, if true, would be nothing less than a prescription for a new and potentially uncontrollable arms race.

The SALT I agreements were possible only because they could be verified by "national technical means," *i.e.*, reconnaissance satellites. Bomber bases can be photographed, missile silos can be counted, and ballistic-missile submarines can be tallied while they are being built. The United States can calculate with precision the size and character of its adversary's strategic arsenal; the Soviets do likewise by subscribing to *Aviation Week*. Thus each side can verify with confidence any ceiling on bombers and ballistic missiles. But if cruise missiles were deployed those reconnaissance satellites would be useless for verification.

The problem in a nutshell is this: bombers, submarines and ICBMs require major facilities which can be detected by satellites; cruise missiles do not. They can be deployed—indeed, *hidden* is a better word—on conventional submarines, surface vessels, aircraft, tanks, trains and trucks. So if American intelligence reported that the Soviet Union had tested cruise missiles, the government would be forced to assume that virtually every Soviet ship, large aircraft and ground force within 1200 to 2000 miles of the United States or an American ally were armed with these nuclear weapons. If a SALT II agreement excludes cruise missiles and the United States proceeds to develop and produce them, the Soviet Union will almost certainly follow suit. Once both sides have successfully tested such weapons, there would be no way to verify any subsequent accord limiting them. To police such an agreement would require on-site inspections of Soviet bases and forces by American or international teams, but the Soviet Union has consistently opposed such inspections as "spying" and is likely to in the future. The only effective way to ban cruise missiles, then, is not to build them; once they have been successfully tested, it will be too late.

In these pages last year, Tad Szulc raised some important questions concerning Soviet compliance with the SALT accords ("Soviet Violations of the SALT Deal: Have We Been Had?" *TNR*, June 7, 1975). Since then, the secret testimony given by former Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger last March has been declassified and made public. Although Schlesinger testified that "the Soviet Union has been, and today is, in compliance with the terms of the SALT agreements," he pointed to certain "ambiguities" and suggested that "one could expect the Soviets to tread at the limits of the provisions of the SALT agreements." He was, by implication, critical of Kissinger's use of "unilateral statements" in SALT I when both sides could not reach agreement on key points. The implied lesson was clear; only language mutually agreed upon will be binding on the Soviet Union. Unilateral statements by the United States are only so much whistling in the dark.

Resolving the present SALT II deadlock will not require another high-wire act by Kissinger so much as some hard-headed statecraft. The first order of business, it seems to me, is to separate the Backfire and cruise missile issues; linking them makes no strategic sense: it just complicates an already difficult situation. However the United States will have set an unfortunate precedent if the Backfire is permitted to escape all control. The plane need not necessarily be counted under the Vladivostok ceiling of 2400 strategic bombers and ballistic missiles so long as the number and deployment of the Backfire and its support elements (primarily tankers) preclude it, for all practical purposes, from entering the strategic arsenal. Although the Backfire would be only a marginal addition to Soviet firepower in any event, if it were stationed in arctic bases within range of American targets, it would be in fact a strategic weapon. To omit it from the 2400 limitation in that instance would not be arms control but arms build-up.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Soviet Union leads the United States in anti-ship missiles, which are short-range, nonnuclear cruise missiles. The strategic cruise missile, however, is entirely an American initiative: we turned it on and we can turn it off. Indeed, if we encourage the Soviet Union to match our efforts, it would ultimately work to our disadvantage because so much of our population is situated close to blue water whereas most Soviet urban centers are well inland. If cruise missiles are permitted to proliferate, we may soon have reason to fear that the holds of Russian fishing trawlers contain cargoes more potent than tuna.

Boston Desegregation, Part II

Busing the Powerless

by Joseph Featherstone

It's clear in Boston in 1976 that the era in which race was thought of as a Southern dilemma is long dead and gone. The issues are American, not Southern. Schools in the most defiantly resistant Black Belt counties in Mississippi and Alabama have desegregated, while Boston is in turmoil. Times of defeated ideals make people especially sensitive to hypocrisy, and the symbolism in Boston's present resistance has not escaped many observers. Massachusetts has a liberal and progressive reputation, which in many ways it deserves. Sen. Brooke is the first black to sit in the US Senate since 1881, and recent Massachusetts leaders have by and large presented a decent set of faces to the world. Much Massachusetts liberalism has taken on an abstract, ceremonial and symbolic cast in recent years however. There are signs that the progressive promises of recent years are about to be reneged on. Budget problems have mounted. There are pickets at the State House protesting slashing cuts in all the social services. The governor and the legislature are dumping people off the welfare rolls and cutting off money for medical care; long lines of unemployed stand outside the state offices. The temptation to opt for a reactionary populism is enormous.

Boston, too, has a reputation as a civilized place. Visitors think of it as a repository—perhaps museum would be a better word—for a good many ideals about American life, education and culture. Some of the Bicentennial visitors may picture it as the home of the abolitionists, which is accurate so long as you remember that Garrison preached an end to slavery here, at the clear risk of his neck. The fact that mobs spat on Sen. Edward Kennedy because of his stand on busing is difficult to square with the ideal of Boston and its past, or, for that matter, with the legendary love affair between the Kennedys and the Boston Irish. Yet it was in Boston the other day that someone fire-bombed the old Kennedy home, birthplace of JFK, scrawling "Bus Teddy" on the sidewalk outside. The desegregation issue has done a lot to wedge apart liberal elites and the constituency for egalitarian change. Busing may yet inaugurate a new national era of fake, reactionary populism of the sort symbolized by the paradox of Gov. Wallace's popular appeal and his tax program for the state of Alabama, which enriches the corporations.

The desegregation issue has become badly tangled. The attack on the legally mandated Jim Crow dual systems of the South is now almost complete. Southern desegregation has worked well in some places, and badly in others. Some systems in the South are turning into models of race relations that pose a shameful contrast to a good deal of what is happening in the North. Others got rid of dual schools by firing all black teachers. Extending the law to the North proved to be difficult. For a long time, the lawyers were bogged down in the distinctions between *de jure* and *de facto* segregation. Old-fashioned Southern segregation was a matter of law and official policy, whereas Northern-style segregation was the product of extra-legal forces, the housing market and so on, and therefore beyond legal remedies involving the schools. Or so thinking ran. By 1970, however, civil rights lawyers began persuading the lower federal courts to give much more detailed scrutiny to the facts of urban segregation outside the South. The notion that a clear line separated *de jure* and *de facto* segregation has not in fact stood the test of evidence. Lawyers representing black plaintiffs in many cities outside the South have been able to show that a good deal of segregation is the result

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of action taken by school boards and school officials. Testimony in case after case shows similar patterns. Officials built schools in all-black neighborhoods, shifted school district lines to maintain segregation as blacks moved into new neighborhoods, or worked the old scheme Linda Brown encountered in Topeka years ago, long-distance busing ("forced busing") of black children to far-away black schools instead of to near-by white schools.

It is this sort of evidence of official action, and not a hunger for radical social change, that compels sober and generally conservative federal judges to conclude that a good deal of Northern-style segregation throughout the country is a violation of black schoolchildren's constitutional rights. This is what lies behind the wave of court decisions in Pasadena, Denver, Baltimore, Detroit, Louisville, Boston and many other cities. The question becomes what remedies the courts can offer, for rights without remedies do not exist.

Here desegregation has run into some very big snags. While it is often not hard to prove that school officials are contributing to Northern-style segregation, it is also clear that there are other, unofficial forces at work: zoning, patterns of housing discrimination, realtors, mortgage, insurance and loan policies of the banks and so on. Even when the responsible agencies are in some sense official, they operate at different levels of government, involving multiple jurisdictions. Schools are often implicated, yet the sources of much Northern segregation also lie outside schools. The circle of remedies is drawn far too narrowly if it only includes schools, yet there are no precedents for widening it.

The other snag arises in cities with a majority black population. There, what black plaintiffs seek in the courts is an end to discriminatory pupil placement policies. The Constitution entitles them to this. In terms of the other, wider, goals of desegregation—moves toward integration, better racial balance, or access to enriched resources for education—there are clear limits to what schools can accomplish with a majority black student population. For those still eager to pursue these wider goals, the remedy would seem to lie in metropolitan schemes linking city and suburban schools. In 1974, however, the Supreme Court shaped by President Nixon's appointments seemed to say that the lower federal courts may not reach out to the suburbs in the search for remedies. The decision left open the possibility of metropolitan remedies, if plaintiffs can show that suburban schools are implicated in segregation. It is not clear what the ruling really means or how final it is; a number of suburban-city desegregation cases are still pending.

The Supreme Court decision did not stop the legal drive for desegregation within the cities. To blacks mainly concerned with ending discriminatory placement policies, the goal is not necessarily any kind of racial balance. For them, discussions of suburbs and metropolitan schemes are beside the point. But for others, both black and white, who still think that better racial balances of some sort are desirable and educationally productive, the Supreme Court ruling has for the moment added a special air of futility to the desegregation battle in cities like Detroit and Washington, where most school children are black. The ruling offered whites and blacks in the cities an unusually clear illustration of the fundamental and growing injustice of our whole network of urban boundaries. The legal units of our urban geography have always operated as fences for privilege; but the isolation of the poor and the dark-skinned has never been as great. In effect the Supreme Court suggested that the suburbs may be left alone. Shifts in both black and white thinking on desegregation also cloud the issue. As a tactical matter desegregation is still widely supported by most blacks. Many oppose busing, however, (especially to hostile neighborhoods) and many do not hold with the racial balances implied by the courts, even though these seem the simplest remedy to enforce. Many insist that the issue is not racial balance at all, but putting an end to discrimination and giving black students equal access to the best education a school system has to offer. From this point of view, mainly-black schools and all-black classes are fine. (There always was something inherently racist about the notion that black students need to sit near whites in order to learn.) Some are outright separatists. Still even separatists you talk to are mindful of the tactical point that black children have a better chance at access to a full range of educational offerings in classrooms where white children are present as hostages, so to speak, of the system's good intentions.

The whole question of racial balance is obscure, and the confusion does not only exist in the mind of the public, which imagines that the courts in each case are insisting on a fixed racial balance. Contrary to what most people think, federal judges have by and large been studiedly ambiguous in the way they have talked about the demography of desegregation. Often the decisions imply some form of balance, but the specifics are left vague. There is a wide spectrum of opinion, too, among black observers. Some focus mainly on an end to discriminatory pupil placement policies, which can still produce mainly black schools. Others insist on racial balances of some sort, either because they are intrinsically desirable, or because they may help guarantee black students' access to better education. In cities with a majority of black students, this second position extends into an argument for metropolitan schooling. These two quite different, not to say contradictory, emphases are seldom openly discussed in national debates on desegregation. In part this is because many blacks and civil rights lawyers are profoundly ambivalent on the question. And in part it is because people's positions are based on the local

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

situation, which may be unique. Metropolitan solutions may be good in some places, but not others. This is not the only area where the necessity to frame policy in national terms generates new problems of its own.

The black dialogue over nationalism and universalism is old and tortured. It shifts over time, and there have been further developments since the separatist and community control impulses of the late 1960s. The demand for community control in New York City arose primarily from the failure of school desegregation, and the seeming futility of desegregation as a policy in huge urban ghettoes. The ideal also picked up on the quite real breakdown of lay democratic control over unresponsive, chaotic and indifferent school bureaucracies. Desegregation still remains an enormous puzzle in large ghettoes of cities where blacks are not a majority, and the question of democratic control over the schools is far from being solved. Yet the tragic and ultimately futile contest for community control in New York City convinced many that the fight in that form on that turf was not worthwhile. Community control today is now much less of a despairing ideological battle cry, because it has shifted to places like Newark, Detroit, Atlanta and Gary, with their black majorities. It is now a pragmatic affair, conforming to some of the older patterns of American ethnic politics. The advent of black mayors, school boards and—perhaps—political machines means a great deal. Like the electoral gains in the South, it gives a historically outcast group chances for more political power than it had before. At the very least, some old racist ghosts have been laid to rest: majority black school boards can make competent decisions and black mayors can govern, just as all-black schools can teach.

The rise of blacks to political power in all these places has prompted, predictably, a rash of proposals for metropolitan government. Blacks are suspicious of these schemes, and will rightly resist giving up the influence and political power they are winning, although they may be open to proposals for making special services, such as schools, metropolitan. (Many current metropolitan schemes recall earlier Yankee attempts to shift power to the state level, as immigrants captured the cities.)

These pragmatic forms of community control are, however, no more of a panacea than the earlier ideological demands. The old joke that community control meant black ownership of Harlem in exchange for white ownership of General Motors was never very funny; it no longer seems funny at all in Detroit. Cities like Detroit, Newark and Gary are not exactly brimming over with resources; they are ailing badly, and suggest new and gloomy variations on the old misleading theme of separate and equal. Separate in America never has been equal, and never will be.

It is clear that the pursuit of political power in cities with black majorities and near-majorities is in many respects at odds with the pursuit of school desegregation. If we were less of a national society this would matter less. Unfortunately policy gets framed nationally; there is a national politics of education, as well as a profoundly local politics. It is very hard to understand that and to understand that the situation in Detroit is very different from that in Boston, even though what happens in majority-black Detroit now helps shape the political climate in Boston, where blacks are a distinct minority.

There remains a pressing need for minorities to join with whites as part of egalitarian and majoritarian coalitions that do not exist. Many blacks and whites still think of school desegregation as a step toward a truly integrated society, but the civil rights movement is in political tatters, a victim of its successes, and also of its failure to translate its demands into a broad program of economic justice. For a long moment in history, as these things go, an immensely creative national movement fused traditional and novel modes of lower and working class protest with traditional and novel middle class styles of action and reform and created unprecedented changes. The French writer Charles Peguy said that everything begins in mysticism and ends in politics. In America the aphorism needs rewording: everything begins in mysticism and ends in the federal courtrooms. Legal professionals have finally built a solid structure of precedents for attacking Northern desegregation, but black support for it is weakening, and white pressure against it has risen. The mysticism has evaporated—"Did you think to gain unity through lawyers," Walt Whitman asked—and this has left integration-minded blacks and whites speaking in subdued, practical and tactical tones. Schools are important, but no substitute for jobs or political power, where power is accessible. Desegregation is right but it isn't likely to lead to a multiracial society terribly soon. The evangelism that made so many martyrs and produced so much change couldn't last forever. In Boston, where the parents and children are showing so much courage, where the grievances are extraordinarily clear-cut, where racial balance is still possible to achieve, and where the alternative of political power for blacks is not an option—even in Boston, supporters of desegregation wonder whether it is worth the political consequences. The plans the courts have seized upon seem the most enforceable schemes for upholding the law and remedying trampled rights, yet in some places they are self-defeating, and probably do accelerate the flight of the middle class out of the city. The busing issue is building up extraordinary political countercurrents.

It is this political climate that fuels the efforts of groups like ROAR. No federal desegregation order has been reversed by any court, yet the opponents of busing believe they can win, that "Never" is not just a slogan. They believe this because local leaders have assured them, and so, in veiled ways, have our nation's leaders. Richard Nixon signaled clear retreat on

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

desegregation, and so has President Ford. The government speaks with a babble of tongues on the issue, and federal civil rights enforcement has slowed to a creak. (Last year's violence in Boston convinced federal officials of the need for a strong federal presence this year.)

"Busing" and "neighborhood schools" are slogans. Over 40 percent of the nation's children ride to school in altogether uncontroversial buses. If you add in other kinds of public transportation; the figure is over 65 percent. Busing is scarcely new in Boston. In the days before court orders, the Boston school system bused more children than it is now doing. (Admittedly it had a larger school population then.) "Neighborhood schools" drawing on cohesive neighborhoods have for some time been the exception rather than the rule, even in Boston, where the sense of turf is unusually strong. Yet there are many real grievances lurking beneath the slogans. Given a choice, parents do prefer nearby schools. Neighborhoods do count with people. In 19th-century Boston, Thernstrom shows, the working class and the poor were the most geographically mobile people. Elites were local and stayed put; it was the working class that had to hit the road. This may be one reason why we have an erroneous impression that the past was more stable than the present. If so, it is not the only instance where our collective memory has been refracted through the lenses of privilege. Since the depression, however, the working class has moved less; the most mobile Americans tend to be the middle class and the very poor. The fight in Boston today involves a clash between the values of some of the most mobile groups and the values of some of the most geographically stable groups. Besides being racial, it is also a cultural and class battle between cosmopolitan professionals and locals, between people who identify with national institutions and those who identify with neighborhood and local values. This feeds the neighborhoods' resentment of the professionals, the courts, the lawyers and the media.

Desegregation would not be such a divisive issue if those supporting it could point to a host of gains for the working class in other realms. Gov. Reubin Askew of Florida and Sen. Mondale come to mind as examples of the sort of political leadership that might pull off the coalition we need, but they are rare. One of the tragedies of the political era we've lived through is that the most dramatically oppressed groups got much more attention and sympathy than those whose oppression was less well publicized. The recession has hit the Boston working class very hard; and now desegregation is reminding them how little society has attended to their concerns in recent years. This makes white workers terribly vulnerable to fake Populists. Local fakes wave the bloody shirt of past ethnic grievances and promise that busing can be stopped. National fakes nurse more current grudges, and dangle the slogans of busing and popular property rights in front of the electorate without doing a single positive thing for any working man or woman. The failure of politics to cast people's grievances and aspirations in universal and democratic terms haunts the period of reaction we are living through.

Our traditions of school reform tend to be elitist. Often in the past democracy at the local school level has meant thwarting elitist versions of school reform. In the Progressive era, for example, reactionaries in New York City tried to rework schooling into an outright caste system. This was stopped, although tracking and other policies favoring the children of the middle class came in. Common people have been able to veto elite plans for education, on occasion. This, in part, accounts for the continuing legitimacy of schools. They have not, however, been able to do much in a positive way for the education of their children. Some reformers had excellent ideas about sound practice and good teaching, but in practice the reform style has rarely aimed at winning over teachers, let alone parents. This has been one of the minor tragedies of American education. Desegregation fits the old reform mold. It is meant to help blacks, a group historically cut off from opportunities in Boston's schools. It is initiated by black plaintiffs. And yet the whole way it is being done rehearses the old elitist patterns of reform. Sometimes in our cities today it looks as if we are getting an updated Northern version of the old Southern alliance of planters and blacks against poor whites, which never really profited anyone except the elites. Once again, the egalitarian promises of public schooling are being overwhelmed by the realities of inequality.

The fact that the residents of Charlestown and South Boston are resisting elite social planners, that they are defending community and neighborhood and even, in their prayer marches and American flags, the symbols of patriotic and religious nationalism, gives them a more respectable hearing now than they might have had five or 10 years ago. The contrast between the country's universal ideals and the actual diversity of its peoples, races and cultures has made for a history that swings between periods of universalism and periods of tribalism. The universal ideals fo the republic often serve as a mask for nativist and racist definitions of America; this is why, periodically, they fall into disrepute. Periods of tribalism are often healthy responses to the failure of the American consensus to acknowledge the genuine pluralism of the culture. The line between legitimate ethnic pride, nationalism and self-respect and tribalism is not easy to draw, however. And it is never altogether clear whether the angry tribes really are spurning universal values, or whether they are simply protesting their abuse by successive groups of hypocritical elites. The distinction is important. You can share a sense of rage over the narrow definitions of America that have prevailed in the past and still feel that the elements of the common culture

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that have emerged are very much worth preserving and defending. I'm thinking of the political tradition that has fitfully offered levers to outsiders; of the language of rights; of the law, which seems so fragile in Boston today; of urban pluralism that accepts a diversity of peoples; and of the terrible failure of the protest movements of recent years to translate their aspirations for minorities into the universal language of rights.

Changes in intellectual fashions also altered the contours of the desegregation issue. In the aftermath of an era of liberal reform, there was a retreat among some intellectuals from universalism, as indeed there has been a retreat from rationality itself. The protest against uniformity and cultural oppression, which was valid, turned into a denial that we need common ideals, which was not. Just as the protest against a desiccated and "value free" science that serves General Jack Ripper as cheerfully as anyone else turned into an assault on science and rationality itself.

More directly, in both law and social science, influential voices called for a retreat from desegregation. In 1970 the late Alexander Bickel wrote in *The New Republic*, "Massive school integration is not going to be attained in this country very soon, in good part because no one is certain that it is worth the cost. Let us, therefore, try to proceed with education." Bickel elaborated arguments that have since become well-worn. He cited the divisions of opinion among blacks, and the shifting political climate. He was especially worried about the possibility that the racial balances ordered by the courts would lead to resegregation, as whites fled the cities. Bickel hoped that compensatory education might substitute for desegregation.

More recently the sociologist James Coleman, who is something of an academic bellwether on these sorts of issues, has also raised doubts about desegregation. In 1966 Coleman's massive report, *Equality of Educational Opportunity*, made an influential case for integration, arguing that black children can benefit from going to school with middle class whites without jeopardizing the achievement of the whites. Scholars, journalists and others quoted the report as a brief for racial integration, although in fact its real emphasis was on the benefits of integration by social class, an idea whose time has yet to come. Coleman's 1966 report has been buffeted by some strange political winds. His findings that American schools for whites and blacks were not as radically unequal in terms of resources as many critics had thought, undercut certain of the earlier arguments for integration. (Critics believe that his crude definitions of educational resources did not take into account many of the things that give some schools more promising atmospheres for learning than others.) And Coleman's emphasis on the decisive power of social class seemed, strangely enough, to discredit the rationale for compensatory education.

Now, to judge by an interview in *The New York Times Magazine*, Coleman has once again changed his mind. He still believes in the principle that the courts must protect black children when school officials violate their constitutional rights. Only he disagrees with the current legal remedies. Coleman would concede the courts' right to prevent deliberate segregation, but says they should permit circumstantial-*de facto* segregation. He especially disagrees with attempts to balance schools racially in proportion to the general school population of a city. This, he says, requires too much busing, which leads to resegregation as the whites flee the cities. He would like to see desegregation proceeding along more restrained voluntary lines.

Coleman's new crop of critics say that resegregation is more complicated than he allows. The middle class and others have, after all, been moving out of the cities decades before court-ordered desegregation and busing hit the North. Plainly people have been going out to the suburbs in search of better housing, jobs, safety from crime, cleaner air and green grass, human scale services and a host of other things, besides an escape from busing and blacks. (To be sure, blacks stand as a handy symbol in many minds of all sorts of urban ills.)

Like many other opponents of what seem to be drastic remedies for desegregation, Coleman would like to expand choices for everyone involved, to create more situations in which voluntarism prevails. Actually this has happened in some desegregation; Judge Garrity's plan gives Boston students options that would have been considered unprecedented a few short years ago. Choices are possible, but there is a point at which the current solutions for the segregation of black children do in fact have to impinge on the rights of white students to choose their schools. Otherwise there is no workable remedy. Coleman has little sense of the limits on what is possible for the courts. The reason that they have hit upon current schemes is that it is not easy for them to administer more complicated ones. To some extent there is an inevitable contradiction between workable desegregation and voluntarism; this makes desegregation hard in a time when ordinary people have grown very tired of being pushed around. School desegregation has fallen heir to the accumulated rancor of the neighborhoods after several decades of profoundly undemocratic elite municipal planning.

In many ways, Coleman's distinction between intentional and circumstantial segregation is altogether beside the point in most current desegregation cases. And his attack on racial balance is a blow aimed at a straw man. His current focus on circumstantial-*de facto* segregation slurs over the main issue in cities like Boston, where lawyers for black plaintiffs have had little difficulty in proving that segregation has been official policy. Judge Garrity's decision does not set a formula for racial balance. Like many other federal judges he has selected remedies that leave the question of balance ambiguous. But there is no ambiguity over

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the fact that Boston's has been a virtually dual school system with two sets of policies. Judge Garrity ended his long opinion this way:

. . . the court concludes that the defendants (the Boston School Committee and the administration) took many actions in their official capacities with the purpose and intent to segregate the Boston public schools . . . Plaintiffs have proved that the defendants intentionally segregated schools at all levels . . . built new schools for a decade with sizes and locations designed to promote segregation; maintained patterns of overcrowding and underutilization which promoted segregation at 26 schools; and expanded the capacity of approximately 40 schools by means of portables and additions when students could have been assigned to other schools with the effect of reducing racial imbalance. How many students were intentionally separated on a racial basis cannot be stated with any degree of precision; but the annual totals were certainly in the thousands . . . For example, by using feeder patterns to channel black students to English (High School), defendants not only concentrated black students there, but also made high schools which the black students might otherwise attend more predominantly white . . .

The court concludes that the defendants have knowingly carried out a systematic program of segregation affecting all of the city's students, teachers and school facilities, and have intentionally brought about and maintained a dual school system.

The fact that Boston—and other cities—have maintained what amount to dual school systems as a matter of official policy keeps getting ignored by experts like Coleman in recent debates, just as it has been obscured in the mind of the general public.

Nevertheless Coleman's reversal is a straw in what looks to be a rising wind of retreat on the whole issue. Whether desegregation is the main cause of the white exodus or not, schools probably are a factor. Resegregation is not a happy prospect. Coleman errs in giving demographic balance in the cities an equal standing with black children's rights, however. People have a constitutional right to remedy when they are sent to a segregated school on the basis of the color of their black skin. Nobody has a constitutional right to live in a city with a white majority.

Social scientists have played a curious role throughout the history of desegregation. Social science has influenced policy; it has also mirrored the changing politics of the issue. Studies of the effects of desegregation have been ambiguous, because people have seldom been precise about what it was intended to accomplish. Complexity of aim is not necessarily a bad thing; education itself usually reflects a variety of goals. But it makes research difficult. No one said what exactly the goal of desegregation was: higher achievement scores for blacks, racial harmony, shifts in racial attitudes, more political leverage for blacks, or simply a remedy for discrimination. The Brown decision quoted from the celebrated research of black social psychologist Kenneth Clark to the effect that segregation hurt the minds and hearts of black children. This was plausible in a broad sense; yet further research came to focus on lower achievement scores on tests. The idea developed that desegregation would in and of itself raise black children's test scores. Yet the evidence that desegregated schools would eliminate differences in achievement was very spotty. Some observers, seeing that desegregation does not automatically produce equality, have been led to argue that we must redefine our conception of educational equality to mean equality of outcomes. It is not clear how this could be done in education except by massive compensatory programs. Compensatory education has not always failed, as its critics say; it has in fact sometimes worked. But what tends to get real gains in achievement requires a great deal of money that is not apt to be forthcoming in a time when many cities are on the verge of bankruptcy.

Recent academic debates on equality have emphasized that improving schools is no substitute for more fundamental social change. That is an important point to keep in mind, particularly in following the elusive symbols in the desegregation issue. This is the sort of understanding that is useful if it provides perspective on the schools, and pernicious if it discredits educational reform without offering any real alternatives. It was perhaps never sound to rest the case for school desegregation on the shifting sands of social science research. The American public has yet to be educated to the fact that social science is both faddish and profoundly political. All along desegregation has been a legal matter—a question of the redress of rights—and a political matter—a way of giving some of our society's strangers more of a chance at access to educational resources. For many, too, it has been and continues to be a moral issue.

It was also to be predicted that talk of desegregation would range over all the hurts and inadequacies of our national life without really focusing on the subject of education. Today children in Boston are learning important lessons about the law, race and other aspects of our society, but it was not exactly planned in their curriculum. And yet the instances of reasonably successful desegregation are now so many that in fact a good deal of practical educational knowledge is at hand. Knowledgeable people say that the number of nonwhites in a desegregation school should probably not go over 40 percent, if resegregation is to be avoided. (The numbers must not be token, however. David Riesman and others have long warned about the psychic costs paid by token minorities, including women, in newly-desegregated institutions.) Desegregation of course seems a rather sad joke if the schools children are bused to are in fact inferior to the ones they originally attended. Schools children are bused to should be near enough to their homes for their parents to stay involved in school affairs. Places like Denver—and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

increasingly Boston—are also showing how important it is to make use of city-wide advisory groups of blacks and whites; such groups are even more important at the school level. (There seems no way in the 1970s to escape the need for participation, as unclear as our ideas on the subject remain.) Special classes must not become dumping bins for minority children. Schools in some places have gone beyond desegregation—an end to discriminatory placement policies—and are actually working on integration, getting black and white students to know each other. Real integration has to take place at the classroom, not the school level. It means paying careful attention to such decisive symbols as cheerleaders and football teams. It means finding alternatives to the kind of across-the-board tracking that is becoming more and more common in our schools. There is nothing inherently wrong with ability grouping in individual subjects, like math and English. The problems for integration (and I would argue, education in general) are posed by tracking systems that sort masses of students out in groups to second rate curricula, on the premise that they will meet second rate fates in life. Integration is more promising when it begins in the early years of school. It requires interracial staffing and planning.

Numbers of our schools have desegregated; in some integration is going on. Numbers of schools are segregated and others are resegregating. One of the real difficulties with the whole desegregation issue is that it gets debated as a national policy matter, yet many of the crucial facts are local. Many of the crucial facts differ from school to school, and even from classroom to classroom. Geography and demography make current desegregation remedies pointless in some places, and apt in others. This complexity has attended all our discussions of school reform and social policy in recent years, and yet we have continued to speak the language of a strange one-eyed rationalism, an either-or-language of national policy that bypasses the inconvenient muddle of American life. And it is not only the variousness of the landscape that we have over-simplified. We debated desegregation versus compensatory education, for example, as though the two were mutually exclusive, when in fact, many schools need both. In recent years we debated school reform versus other forms of social change, as though we were master planners in the war room, and the Great Computer were offering us a clear choice between alternatives. In reality there is no central war room or master planners. There is no Great Computer. Our choices are far from clear. By any realistic political reckoning, it seems altogether probable in fact that school reform and social change will operate in tandem, if they operate at all. Our thinking remains woefully apolitical.

Small pieces of reform and change are occurring in some of the schools in Boston today. There are many in the city who do not like what is happening, but who are working hard to keep the peace and do their jobs. Many in the mainly Irish teaching staff of the schools, and the mainly Irish police force, sympathize with the anti-busing protesters, but they are making the law work. Teachers and parents have shown more guts than anybody, always excepting the schoolchildren. All are being asked to live up to ideals few in the city honor. When one thinks of what a troubled place this is, a despairing quote from St. Paul comes to mind: "Here we have no continuing city." St. Paul was being a little too melodramatic, as usual. Boston does continue. The schools are working, and seem in many ways healthier than other insititutions in the city.

The issues in desegregation are shadowy and symbolic; they are important, because we live by symbols, but a steady diet of such symbols hardens the heart. Some good and altogether ordinary things are taking pace in Boston's desegregated schools, but the situation is shameful. The law is clearly the creature of the rich and the powerful, who are exempt from its consequences. Schemes of social engineering that confine desegregation to the deteriorating core cities and let the suburbs off free insult the intelligence of a democracy. Supporters of desegregation have not said that enough. Those defending their neighborhoods and their children and protesting busing have also not admitted that the issue is race and the constitutional rights of black children. Next to injustice, hypocrisy stings people hardest. People in South Boston are right to be outraged by the suburban liberals who call them bigots and racists, and wrong to think that black children's legal rights can be ignored merely because larger remedies involving the suburbs do not exist. They are mistaken, too, in thinking that their very real grievances, values and sensibilities outweigh other people's constitutional rights.

These things can't be said enough. Nor can it be said too often that the depth of danger in the present situation is in large part the work of the old Boston School Committee and the other local and national politicians who are making such a good thing out of encouraging resistance to the law. The threat of violence has come to be so commonplace that we forget what a menace it is to democracy. Too many people in this country have got to hoping that somehow someone else's violence will advance their cause. The result has been a corrupting sense that violence is normal. In the long run of history, it has been, of course. That is a troubling thought. Bicentennial visitors wanting a taste of history should pause and test the air of Boson. Monuments, embalmed artifacts, restored buildings, pictures of porcelain statesmen wearing powdered wigs do not give the real feeling of history. History feels like this: a city of frightened people making choices with divided minds, picking not right against wrong, but what they hope will be the lesser set of evils, and wondering what the consequences will be.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on films

The Story of Adèle H.

(New World)

There are three good reasons to see *The Story of Adèle H.* Two of them are familiar: the direction of Francois Truffaut and the cinematography of Nestor Almendros. The third is a very welcome new reason: the acting of Isabelle Adjani, who plays Adèle. At the last the film is one more of Truffaut's conscious/unconscious deceptions, but these three talents are splendid.

Romance in its lushest sense—the adoration of the adoration of woman by man or vice versa—has always been a strong trait in Truffaut. It begins in his first short film *Les Mistons*, where some 12-year-old boys are jealously enraptured by an older couple's rapture, and it continues here. His new script, by himself and two previous collaborators, Jean Gruault and Suzanne Schiffman, comes from the journals of Adèle Hugo, the younger daughter of Victor Hugo, and it tells a passionate tale.

It begins in 1863 with the arrival of Adèle in Nova Scotia. She is in pursuit of a young English officer, Lieutenant Pinson, with whom she had had an affair on the island of Guernsey where she was sharing her father's political exile. When Pinson was transferred, Adèle followed him, via England and New York, without invitation or encouragement. Now he makes very clear that he is no longer interested in her and wishes her to leave, certainly to leave him alone. She remains, persists in pursuit, and is always rebuffed; soon the eccentricities that have been apparent in her from the start deepen into dementia.

She writes to her father, on whom she depends for money, that she is married to Pinson, and Hugo announces it in a Guernsey newspaper. (It's only about halfway through the film that her father's identity is revealed, but few will not know it beforehand through the publicity and reviews.) She pretends pregnancy by Pinson. She is so slavishly devoted to him that she even engages a prostitute and sends her to Pinson because this marvelous man must have all the women in the world. Adèle spies on his meetings with his mistress but doesn't interfere. At last, to his relief, he is transferred to Barbados. But she follows, now unmistakably psychotic. The climax comes when Pinson, who has married, seeks out Adèle in pity. She is now a homeless vagrant. The distraught ragged girl walks right past him in a Barbados street, staring-eyed, unrecognizing. She collapses soon after. A sympathetic black woman, who has learned her identity, writes to her father and escorts Adèle back to him.

What a relief, right after Kubrick's *Barry Lyndon* which plasters us with gobs of gorgeousness, to see filmmaking as deft as Truffaut's. He knows exactly what to show and what to leave out, how to create substance by ellipsis (something he learned from his master Renoir). His film *courses*, without hurrying. (It's only 97 minutes.) And although its essence is loneliness and waiting, a pulse of action beats in it. From the very first shot, of Adèle landing in a long boat at night, Truffaut provides the flavor of romance, a girl pursuing her love across the sea. The whole account of her devotion, of her quasi adoption by her landlady, of the affection of an old cabbie and of the quiet affection of a young bookseller from whom she buys paper for her journal, the narrow streets, the threatening skies—all this is very Brontë.

Truffaut has always had a feeling for panache, and he makes the most here of military costumes (appearing briefly in one himself), of cavalry maneuvers, of regimental discipline. He handles dreams, both sleeping and waking, beautifully: Adèle's dreams of her sister Leopoldine, who had drowned 20 years earlier, in which she feels herself to be drowning; or a moment in a bank when a little boy asks her name and she says "Leopoldine." Even the fact that she comes back to tell the boy the truth is part of the daytime dream—why would the boy care? This matter of who she is *to herself*, in relation to the towering father who was nearly maddened by her sister's death, in relation to Pinson who denies her the role of wife, is central to the story.

Almendros' camera understands everything perfectly. He photographed *Two English Girls* for Truffaut, as well as several Eric Rohmer films, and it's indisputable that by now he ranks with Sven Nykvist as one of the world princes of cinematography. What's especially noteworthy is that, unlike John Alcott's recent work for Kubrick, Almendros doesn't impose gorgeousness: he *finds* the right color—finding romance, if he needs to, in gray wet stone.

Isabelle Adjani, the Adèle, is lovely, exciting, fine-spirited and true. Her face—dark-eyed, high-cheekboned but soft—is perfect 19th-century. It's probably perfect for any century, but being a good actress, she makes us think here of daguerrotypes. And there is never any space between her and the role, not a sliver. From the first moment we never even think about whether she will fill the part; the only question is sometimes the other way around—is there enough size in the role as written for the being she brings to it? We're certainly going to see more of Adjani.

And in the deserved fuss about her, let's not overlook Bruce Robinson, the Pinson. He has the always-uncomfortable job of being a credible object of mad devotion; he does it, and he gives a good performance as well.

But is *The Story of Adèle H.* what it says it is? A prefatory note states, very emphatically, that the film is entirely true. It is not. First, Adjani looks, at most, 20. The gravestone that Truffaut himself shows us says that she was born in 1830, so she was 33 at the time the story begins. Immediately this fact converts the real Adele at least from a Nina in *The Sea Gull* to a Sonia in *Uncle Vanya* and makes it a story of quite

Films Worth Seeing

Dog Day Afternoon. Al Pacino incisive as homosexual bank robber in grimy-comic, finally fuzzy factual story.

The Magic Flute. One can disagree with Ingmar Bergman's concept of Mozart's opera, but his filming of it is genius.

One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest. Jack Nicholson is tremendous and every actor is good in this dubious allegory set in a mental hospital.

Swept Away. Wobbly ending, otherwise sharp social-sexual Italian comedy of rich woman and poor sailor cast ashore on desert island.

SK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

different colors.

There are other distortions, pointed out in recent letters to the *Times Literary Supplement* (Dec. 26, '75) from Shirley Jones of the University of London and Joanna Richardson of Oxford. It's a very open question whether Adèle and Pinson ever had an affair at all. Truffaut uses a deep voice on the sound-track, representing Hugo, to read letters from the father to Adèle, but Hugo was so outraged by her behavior that he deputed his son François-Victor to write to her. One would never know from the film that it was nine years before Adèle returned to France, to spend the rest of her life in a mental asylum. There are more falsifications.

Now the interest in these matters is not academic nicety but why Truffaut chose to falsify and felt it necessary, in advance, to deny it. Clearly he has compulsions. He wanted, he needed, a fragile young 19th-century romantic figure, in a romantic relation to her famous father and her dead sister, not a woman past first youth, suffering from the anger of her famous father and driven by sex frustrations into insanity.

Truffaut's romantic blurring of psychopathy in women is prominent in many of his films. Catherine in *Jules and Jim* is, under the *belle époque* glamour, a crazy killer. The "other woman" in *The Soft Skin* murders the man with horrible brutality. The heroine of *The Bride Wore Black* is a cold-blooded revenger luring men to their deaths with her sex. The heroine of *Mississippi Mermaid* is a criminal trickster. The heroine of *Such A Gorgeous Kid Like Me* uses sex to dupe a man into prison. After this list of varyingly abnormal women, dangerous only to men, it's interesting to note that in Truffaut's first feature film *The Four Hundred Blows*, which is autobiographical, the boy's mother is unfaithful to his father and has mixed feelings toward her son.

Although Adèle is not a killer, she is certainly dangerous to Pinson. Although she is clinically unstable from the start, Truffaut sees her through lyrical-melancholy eyes. And in addition to this temperamental distortion, Truffaut adds distortion of fact. And in addition to all these distortions, he insists on protesting that the film is true. Up to now one could think that his sentiment about mad and dangerous women was at least partly unconscious; but how can one think so here?

B.H. Haggin on Music

Concert Chronicle

One unusual feature of Boulez's first concert in New York with the BBC Symphony 10 years ago, and his first concerts with the New York Philharmonic a few years later, was his manner of conducting. He stood motionless except for the head that turned now toward one part of the orchestra, now toward another, and the forearms and hands that made only minimal movements which were like mere reminders of what he had got the orchestra to do at the rehearsals; and it was this strictly undemonstrative, matter-of-fact physical operation that achieved the miraculously clear textures of sounds of brass, woodwinds and strings that were free of the slightest impurity, and the ensemble precision with which these sounds were attacked, shaped and released. The sounds, textures and ensemble precision revealed his possession of an ear for accuracy of orchestral intonation, balance and execution that was as phenomenal as Toscanini's and Cantelli's; the restrained manner in which he elicited them from the orchestra revealed powers of magnetic compulsion as phenomenal as Toscanini's and Cantelli's; and the superbly shaped performances of three excerpts from Berg's *Wozzeck* and Debussy's *Ibéria* with the BBC Symphony and the overwhelming realization of Stravinsky's *Le Sacre du Printemps* with the New York Philharmonic revealed musical powers also comparable with Toscanini's and Cantelli's.

I speak of the unusual manner of Boulez's conducting because of the misconceptions it led to. Since the programs he devised for the New York Philharmonic when he became its

AMERICAN INCOME LIFE of INDIANA INSURANCE COMPANY

Serving America's Union Families

American Income Life Insurance Company

A Union Label Company
Serving America's union families.

SALUTES

MR. GREGORY J. BARDACKE
Executive Director,
American Trade Union Council for HISTRADRUT

Mr. Bernard Rapoport, President of American Income Life Insurance Company, said of Mr. Bardacke:

"He has labored unstintingly for the trade union movement all over the world and especially for the working people in Israel."

American Income Life is making a grant of $12,000 to the American Trade Union Council for HISTADRUT

Signed

AMERICAN INCOME LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY A UNION LABEL COMPANY SERVING AMERICAN'S UNION FAMILIES. IT IS PUBLICLY OWNED WITH 4800 STOCK HOLDERS AND WITH ASSETS IN EXCESS OF 70 MILLION DOLLARS. IF YOU WOULD LIKE AN ANNUAL REPORT, WRITE TO KENNETH W. PHILLIPS, VICE PRESIDENT AND CONTROLLER, P.O.B. 208, WACO, TEXAS 76703.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

musical director contained very little of the music that interested me I didn't hear his concerts for several years; but I did hear, in those years, the occasional broadcasts of his admirably shaped performances of Berlioz's *Romeo and Juliet* and *Les Nuits d'Eté*, Schubert's Fifth Symphony, Beethoven's Second, Mozart's Piano Concertos K. 453 and 467 with the Cleveland Orchestra, and last year a performance of Mozart's Symphony K. 201 with the BBC Symphony that was enchanting in its plasticity and grace. And having heard these I had difficulty in believing the reports in *The New York Times* about the "metronomic approach and emotional tightness" of his "cool, literal performances" of 19th-century Romantic and 18th-century classical music. My guess was that seeing the restrained Boulez manner of conducting, the *Times* reviewers thought they heard a metronomic approach in the performances.

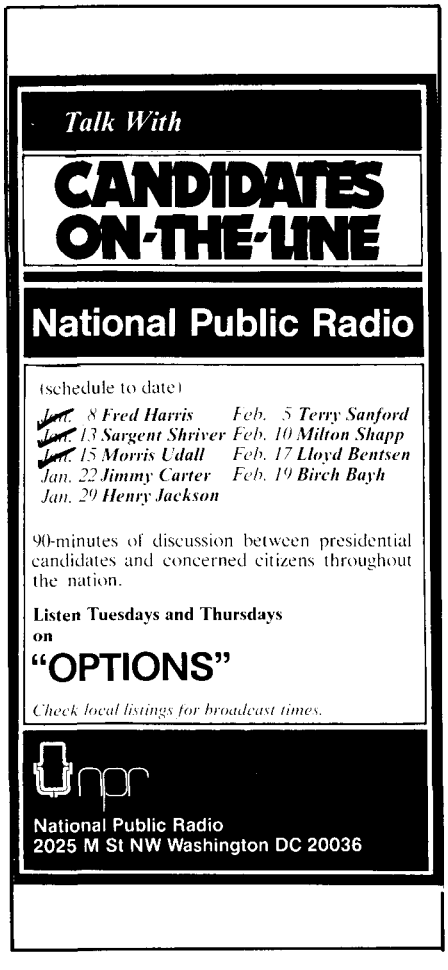
As it happened, Boulez's opening program of this year's Philharmonic season was one that attracted me to Avery Fisher Hall: the Brahms-Haydn Variations, Mozart's Clarinet Concerto, Copland's Orchestral Variations and Stravinsky's *Le Sacre du Printemps*; and the performances added up to one of the great concerts of my experience. The plastically coherent and expressive statement of the Brahms piece impelled me to exclaim in delight at its conclusion. The allegros of the concerto were a little too fast; but the adagio provided Stanley Drucker with an opportunity for subtly inflected large-spanned phrasing of the sustained melody. And the wonderful-sounding and overwhelming realization of *Le Sacre* brought to mind Stravinsky's moving words, "Very little immediate tradition lies behind *Le Sacre du Printemps*. I had only my ear to help me. I heard and I wrote what I heard," and caused me, time after time, to marvel at what that ear had heard, which without it we would never have heard. But in the *Times* I read about the "rather tame interpretation" of the Brahms and the "rigidly controlled style" in which Boulez "put the score [of *Le Sacre*] through its paces like an ace equestrian directing a show horse." And since I had discovered that Boulez's manner of conducting had changed—that he now used vigorous movements of his entire body to get the orchestra to do what he wanted, I concluded that the *Times* reviewers were still holding onto their idea of Boulez's "metronomic approach" in the face of the contrary that was to be seen and heard in his performances.

One can apply to the Copland piece that was played in honor of his 75th birthday the words in which the English critic Gerald Larner described Copland's Symphony No. 3: "a most impressive piece of engineering" which "says nothing" and whose "musical effect is small." It was therefore a cruelty to Copland to perform it before the most extraordinary orchestral work of this century; and it would have been better to honor him with a performance of part of the music of his opera *The Tender Land*, which offers some of his finest writing in the accessible and attractive idiom of his ballet and other dramatic scores, as against the inaccessible and unattractive idiom of his "modern" works.

A week later an endlessly boring and deservedly unfamiliar early piece by Wagner, *Liebesmahl der Apostel*, preceded Boulez's performance of Beethoven's Ninth whose approach was anything but metronomic. Except for the occasional excessive expansive retardations in the first movement, Boulez's innovations in tempo didn't lessen the effectiveness of his statements of the first three movements; and his magnificent statement of the finale resembled Toscanini's in its expansive and powerfully eloquent treatment of the opening recitatives, and its binding the sectional allegro into a coherent progression to the joyous and exalted conclusion.

The Guarneri Quartet operates on the highest level of instrumental virtuosity, tonal beauty, ensemble execution and musical understanding, but not without occasional flawed musical judgment, which didn't appear in the superb performance of Op. 127 that opened the first concert of the Guarneri's Beethoven cycle at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, but did show itself in the performance of Op. 18 No. 1 that followed. Toscanini used to point out to his musicians that a *p* or an *f* meant one thing in a score of Verdi and another thing in a score of Mozart; and presumably he would have pointed out to the Guarneri that an *fp* or *sfz* doesn't mean in a Beethoven Op. 18 quartet what it means in an Op. 59. For the Guarneri played Op. 18 No. 1 with the occasionally explosive vehemence suitable for the Op. 59 No. 3 that ended the concert. This work it played superbly until the fugual finale, for which it set a tempo too fast for the details to be grasped by the listener's mind or even to be distinguished by his ear.

When Fischer-Dieskau's first recorded performances of German *Lieder* began to be heard in the early '50s there was immediate recognition that his voice, extraordinary in timbre and sensuous beauty, and his musical use of that voice, with its sensitivity and continuity in expressive inflection of phrase, placed him among the greats of this special field. And from the beginning there was also difficulty in understanding—in, say, his distinguished performance of Schubert's *Die Winterreise*—the excessively vehement crescendo, overemphasizing its expressive point, that now and then broke through the limits of his coherent inflection of the vocal line. What, in time, maturity added to vocal beauty and musical distinction in that performance of *Die Winterreise* can still be heard on the records issued 10 year ago (Deutsche Grammophon 2707.028); but those issued two years ago revealed the beginning of vocal deterioration—the loss of bloom and glow, though not of distinctive and moving timbre; and the performance of the cycle in Carnegie Hall this season revealed further losses: the voice still retained its distinctive timbre in quiet passages but lost it in forceful ones—the vehement crescendos now ending in hoarse shouts. There



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

January 24, 1976

...ts ...to be ...ith the ...number of seemed to be more of th... than before; and ... was not called following ... Schubert's or ...rds or music. But ... as saddening to hear, ... ended well, with a scor... of the concluding song of the cy... *Der Leiermann*, that was free of what has seemed to me an error in nearly all the performances I have heard, including his. The *pp* that Schubert places at the beginning of the song is not modified throughout the vocal part—which I take to mean that he intended the numbness of emotional and physical exhaustion expressed in that vocal part to continue to its last note; yet every singer I have heard, except Hotter, has made the concluding statement an impassioned outburst. It was therefore a gratifying surprise to hear Fischer-Dieskau this time hold the statement to the low dynamic level of what had preceded it, and end his unsatisfying performance of the cycle with this wholly right and moving realization of *Der Leiermann*.

His recital a week later, devoted to a number of Mahler's settings of poems from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* and a few of his *Lieder aus der Jugendzeit*, provided further gratifying surprises. There were again harshly vehement outbursts, which this time were related to the grim, mordant, macabre texts of the songs about war and death; but the greater number of charming light songs—most of them to texts about nature and love, a couple of them to humorous texts—elicited from Fischer-Dieskau beautiful quiet singing and masterly subtleties of inflection.

The Poems of Charles Simic

This is our second of a number of presentations of poets and essays on poets. Except for "History Books" and "The Guest," which are new contributions, the following poems of Charles Simic are taken from his books, Dismantling the Silence *(1971) and* Return to a Place Lit by a Glass of Milk *(1974). The poems are reprinted with permission of George Braziller, Inc.*

Butcher Shop

Sometimes walking late at night
I stop before a closed butcher shop.
There is a single light in the store
Like the light in which the convict digs his tunnel.

An apron hangs on the hook:
The blood on it smeared into a map
Of the great continents of blood,
The great rivers and oceans of blood.

There are knives that glitter like altars
In a dark church
Where they bring the cripple and the imbecile
To be healed.

There is a wooden slab where bones are broken,
Scraped clean:—a river dried to its bed
Where I am fed,
Where deep in the night I hear a voice.

My Shoes

Shoes, secret face of my inner life:
Two gaping toothless mouths,
Two partly decomposed animal skins
Smelling of mice-nests.

My brother and sister who died at birth
Continuing their existence in you,
Guiding my life
Toward their incomprehensible innocence.

What use are books to me
When in you it is possible to read
The Gospel of my life on earth
And still beyond, of things to come?

I want to proclaim the religion
I have devised for your perfect humility
And the strange church I am building
With you as the altar.

Ascetic and maternal, you endure:
Kin to oxen, to Saints, to condemned men,
With your mute patience, forming
The only true likeness of myself.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hearing Steps

Someone is walking through the snow:
An ancient sound. Perhaps the Mongols are migrating again?
Perhaps, once more we'll go hanging virgins
From bare trees, plundering churches,
Raping widows in the deep snow?

Perhaps, the time has come again
To go back into forests and snow fields,
Live alone killing wolves with our bare hands,
Until the last word and the last sound
Of this language I am speaking is forgotten.

Return to a Place Lit By A Glass of Milk

Late at night our hands stop working.
They lie open with tracks of animals
Journeying across the fresh snow.
They need no one. Solitude surrounds them.

As they come closer, as they touch,
It is like two small streams
Which upon entering a wide river
Feel the pull of the distant sea.

The sea is a room far back in time
Lit by the headlights of a passing car.
A glass of milk glows on the table.
Only you can reach it for me now.

Watch Repair

The New Republic

A small wheel
Incandescent,
Shivering like
A pinned butterfly.

Hands
Pointing in all directions:
The crossroads
One enters
In a nightmare.

Higher than anyone
Number 12 presides
Like a beekeeper
Over the swarming honeycomb
Of the open watch.

—Other wheels
That could fit
Inside a raindrop,

Tools
That must be splinters
Of arctic starlight. . .

Tiny golden mills
Grinding invisible
Coffee beans.

When the coffee's boiling,
Cautiously,
So it doesn't burn us,

We raise it
To the lips
Of the nearest
Ear.

History Books

No one washes the bloody clothes.
They hang on the line
with all their bulletholes
still intact,

and beyond them, in the gathering dusk,
a mother's voice
calling her children home to supper
over the roofs of the world.

I think one of the crows
will have to go instead.
I think the blackest one on the fence
will have to wear shoes
and climb the back stairs.

The history books
say nothing
of such events.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Breasts

I love breasts, hard
Full breasts, guarded
By a button.

They come in the night.
The bestiaries of the ancients
Which include the unicorn
Have kept them out.

Pearly, like the east
An hour before sunrise,
Two ovens of the only
Philosopher's stone
Worth bothering about.

They bring on their nipples
Beads of inaudible sighs,
Vowels of delicious clarity
For the little red schoolhouse of our mouths.

Elsewhere, solitude
Makes another gloomy entry
In its ledger, misery
Borrows another cup of rice.

They draw nearer: Animal
Presence. In the barn
The milk shivers in the pail.

I like to come up to them
From underneath, like a kid
Who climbs on a chair
To reach a jar of forbidden jam.

Gently, with my lips,
Loosen the button.
Have them slip into my hands
Like two freshly poured beer-mugs.

I spit on fools who fail to include
Breasts in their metaphysics,
Star-gazers who have not enumerated them
Among the moons of the earth . . .

They give each finger
Its true shape, its joy:
Virgin soap, foam
On which our hands are cleansed.

And how the tongue honors
These two sour buns,
For the tongue is a feather
Dipped in egg-yolk.

I insist that a girl
Stripped to the waist
Is the first and last miracle,

That the old janitor on his deathbed
Who demands to see the breasts of his wife
For one last time
Is the greatest poet who ever lived.

O my sweet, my wistful bagpipes.
Look, everyone is asleep on the earth.

Now, in the absolute immobility
Of time, drawing the waist
Of the one I love to mine,

I will tip each breast
Like a dark heavy grape
Into the hive
Of my drowsy mouth.

Strictly for Posterity

Brothers, my teeth hurt
And I've no money to have them pulled.
If you know a way, tell me.

The collection man knocks on my window.
My wife sleeps with her thighs bare.
In my time I attempted a few prayers.
If you know a way, tell me.

No special identifying marks.
My coat is torn.
The wind's cold even for a dog.
My coat is still torn.

What next? I make journeys
(mostly in my thoughts),
I go back to 1942.
There's no money there either.

Here, I'll pour one shot for me,
One for this snowy night.
If I get through my 33rd year,
I'll live forever.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Guest

I had forgotten about him
who is here by my side,
who sits across from my wife
with his face averted,

who touches no food,

who appears to be listening
but not to our talk
concerning the rain, the open window,
the lamps that remain unlit.

*

Making himself inconspicuous.
Taking pains . . .
Existing almost without an image.
Provisional, on the wane . . .

A gaunt figure in shirtsleeves.
Funereal coffee being served.
The three of us just sitting
in the twilight:

shadow-puppets
in the chill of the heart,
the marrow.

*

I was about to welcome him
when I noticed he was gone.
This house as a vanishing point.
Long moments of waiting, of listening.

One by one I imagine each hiding place
and they all come empty:
bare rooms, their infinities;
a bed and a chair receding at the speed of light.

I care for him and I say so.

Somewhere under this roof
he has withdrawn and watches.

There could be other explanations:
How he shivered and we saw him.
The two of us as in a dream.

The figure in the doorway

who brought us the gift
of this strange hour.
The weight of its woe—bidding to us,
abiding . . .

And your face so beautiful
under its spell.
Dear eyes
with their secrets and fears.

*

She says she can't tell us apart.
A wedding photograph, as it were.
I have a theory he was invited.
She has a theory he was here all along.

The hour when the train would pass.
So quiet I can hear him strike a match.
She says he's one of my inventions,
my seductions.

The sound of her voice in the room,
reasonable, by its nature forlorn.
Things and their shadows.
Their vast powers of persuasion.

*

I want to say yes, but how?
No one at all and his lovely wife.
It is still light outside.
The breeze parting the curtains.

The house by the river, for instance.
The house visible from a great distance,
with its dark windows
toward which the guest travels:

A dead man's hat raised in greeting.
Further on a door opening.
Empty sky.
A nightbird indigenous to these regions.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Charles Simic: An Appreciation

In the acknowledgments on the copyright page of Charles Simic's latest book the usual paragraph thanking the editors of little magazines concludes with this sentence: "I also wish to thank the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation for a grant which paid my rent and food while this book was being written." There is something engagingly down to earth about this. Where most writers would use some neutral term like "support," Simic specifies "rent and food." The preference which this sentence hints at for the plain phrase and the concrete image goes fantastically far in his poems. It is the paradox of his style that his determined concentration on the most common things makes reality strange and, even when terrifying, strangely inviting. The poems have an arresting substantiality about them, so that it seems almost inadequate to absorb them merely by way of the eye. For the reader they become, in a queer way, objects of nourishment, as Simic wittily suggests by entitling a little poem "Mother Tongue":

Sold by a butcher
Wrapped in a newspaper
It travels in a bag
Of the stooped widow
Next to some onions and potatoes

Toward a dark house
Where a cat will
Leap off the stove
Purring
At its entrance.

Simic's own mother tongue is not the English he writes in. Born in Yugoslavia in 1938, he was brought to the United States as a child and grew up in Chicago. His first two collections of verse, *What the Grass Says* (1967) and *Somewhere Among Us a Stone is Taking Notes* (1969), were published by Kayak Press. A larger and more accessible collection, including many of these early poems, is *Dismantling the Silence*, which inaugurated the Braziller Series of Poetry in 1971. Simic's most recent collection, also from Braziller, is *Return to a Place Lit by a Glass of Milk* (1974). A single long poem, *White*, was issued by New Rivers Press in 1972. Simic has translated extensively from French, Russian and Yugoslav poetry; especially notable for the light they throw on his own work are his versions of the Yugoslav poets Ivan Lalic and Vasko Popa. The decade has been a productive one for Simic, and his work proves him one of the few truly considerable poets of his generation.

When his readers think of Simic they think first of brief poems with titles like "Knife," "Stone," "The Spoon," "My Shoes." In such pieces the poet's originality was quite early apparent. They are at once weighty and evasive, and describing them is about as easy as picking up blobs of mercury with mittens on. Here and afterwards Simic's habit has been to look so long and fixedly at common objects that they acquire haloes of strangeness, and become disquietingly animated. The pathetic fallacy, until recently a local effect that poets were cautioned to shun whenever possible, constitutes both a means and an end in these poems as they record one imagination's morbid romance with external reality. A knife is seen as "Father-confessor / Of the fat hen / On the red altar / Of its throat," and a fork "resembles a bird's foot / Worn around the cannibal's neck":

As you hold it in your hand,
As you stab with it into a piece of meat,
It is possible to imagine the rest of the bird:
Its head which like your fist
Is large, bald, beakless and blind.

These are two especially stark examples of the method that Simic sees operating in the poems of Vasko Popa that, he says in the preface to his translations, show an "elemental surrealism coupled undoubtedly with an animistic, myth-making approach to reality." Popa's poems, using the forms of riddles, proverbs and jokes, present themselves as "magic formulas. If they enchant it is to make you see clearly. The language is that of definitions, of primitive books of genesis." We realize from such statements that Simic's style has its origin not merely in a personal intensity of vision, but in a deep appreciation of what folklore has to teach.

By his own account, Simic spent several years in the New York Public Library reading all the folklore he could find. The effect of this study would be evident enough in his work without his acknowledgment of it. It has provided him with the dark atmosphere he exploits in a terse poem like "Butcher Shop," and equally with the fabulous material he exuberantly manipulates in the long catalogue poem "Concerning My Neighbors, the Hittites." To quote a typical passage:

. . . Great are the Hittites.
Their fathers are in cradles,
their newborn make war.
To them lead floats, a leaf sinks.
Their god is the size
of a mustard seed so that
he can be quickly eaten.

They also piss against the wind,
Pour water in a leaky bucket,
Strike two tears to make fire,
And have tongues with bones in them,
Bones of a wolf gnawed by lambs.

Here and elsewhere the folk tradition has yielded Simic a store not only of images, but of poetic forms. Like Popa, he favors the riddle, the proverb, the question posed and answered askew, parallelism and antic repetition. In the use of such strategies the influence of Theodore Roethke may also be taken for granted.

In his earlier poems Simic's humor, even at its broadest as in recounting the habits of the Hittites, retains a peasant toughness, a menacing edge. *Dismantling the Silence* gains much of its power from dispensing with amenities; its landscapes are bleak and seem only incidentally touched by humanity. More than once Simic imagines the world as returned to its primeval state: "Whoever swings an ax," he writes, "Knows the body of man / Will again be covered with fur." "Hearing Steps," with its cast of migrating Mongols and wolf hunters, presents a similar premonition. One can see in such pieces traces of the political despair of the '60s, which made apocalyptic a fashionable mode. In a strong recent poem, "The Place," the political theme comes unequivocally to the surface:

They were talking about the war
The table still uncleared in front of them.
Across the way, the first window
Of the evening was already lit.
He sat, hunched over, quiet,
The old fear coming over him . . .
It grew darker. She got up to take the plate—
Now unpleasantly white—to the kitchen.
Outside in the fields, in the woods
A bird spoke in proverbs,
A Pope went out to meet Attila,
The ditch was ready for its squad.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Aside from any political implications, however, Simic's effort on such occasions follows a procedure he believes necessary for the artist, a backward leap of the imagination that will return it to the images that first nourished it. Another bit of Simic's prose, this time from the introduction to his Lalic translations, describes the poet as an explorer of "all that which came before thought and emotion but without which these two could not exist. In the deepest sense," he goes on, "the possibilities that allow us to create belong to our ancestors. We can do very little but great things can be done through us." There is nothing easy in this program. It requires considerable sophistication and restraint for a 20th-century poet to write from a primitive point of view, however willing he may be to surrender his consciousness to the power of the archetypes.

Simic's exploration of the springs of myth is convincing because it is conducted by means of an exciting exploration of language. While his mastery of English is beyond that of most native speakers, this poet's experience of writing in a language not his first must give him a special awareness of the innate mysteriousness of words. To be reminded of what peculiar things words are, if we are ever in danger of forgetting, we need only to read closely a random page of the dictionary, from goat to god-daughter, or from kinkajou to kiss. The equanimity of definitions as they go about the business of pasting labels on reality in their studious, poker-faced way must seem weird and faintly scandalous as soon as we cease to take language for granted. Simic at no time takes language for granted. At his most serious he writes as if he were naming things for the first time: the words, one by one discovered and cunningly placed, make and shape a world before our eyes. In a lighter tone he writes "Charles Simic is a sentence"—a sentence which the ensuing poem proceeds to parse.

In his latest work Simic's linguistic inventiveness illuminates a wider range of experience than before. *Return to a Place Lit by a Glass of Milk* (an almost over-characteristic title) is not as sternly unified as the collection which preceded it; but its variety of theme and tone largely make up for what it lacks of the earlier volume's force. Comic touches, at times quite broad, are more numerous and relaxed in their application; and there is a further, more important change as well. Human beings had rarely appeared as major subjects in *Dismantling the Silence*. Now Simic has come to admit them more often to his view of the world, including in the contents of *Return*, a poem about his father and some remarkable love poems. This seems a healthy development. Although he had been doing amazing things with stones and cutlery, Simic was beginning to run the risk of repetition, even of self-parody. For example, the piled-up recipes in "Soup"—"A hiccup in aspic with paprika / Cold wind fried in onions / A roast of darkest thoughts"—compare unfavorably with earlier, less stylized catalogues. The addition of human characters has turned Simic in a new and venturous direction, preventing his verse from diminishing to a virtuoso's ritual gesturing.

The great bane of love poetry is stale diction, whether in the over-literary lyric or the illiterate popular song. Love is blind; is it fated in poetry to be either pompous or inarticulate as well? In pieces like "Breasts" and "That Straightlaced Christian Thing Between Her Legs" Simic's active, individualized vocabulary is especially to be appreciated.

> *. . .little black ember,*
> *skillet*
> *for my heart's*
> *hailstone,*
> *may my touch be*
> *the only dress*
> *you ever wear . . .*

By standing in vivid, ungainly contrast to the conventional language of love, Simic's words make us aware of how falsified and monochromatic a version of our emotions indifferent writers and the intrusive media have been pandering to us. Slapstick and subtle feeling, awkwardness and sophistication strike a balance in these poems, renewing in us a wonder at the complexity of our desires.

Another recent trend in Simic's poetry, formal rather than thematic, is its readiness to explore the possibilities of greater length. The earlier poems, in keeping with their impassive tone, were tight-lipped, rarely going much beyond a page. In the new book there is a more expansive architecture at work in several pieces, and the fantastic concluding narrative, "The Chicken Without a Head," seems *over*-expanded; one feels for once that a little of the plumage might better have been plucked. The same criticism could not be leveled at *White*, the separately published poem, Simic's longest to date. One could argue whether it is in fact a single poem or an unusually cohesive sequence; but about its importance in Simic's canon there should not be much dispute. Anyone concerned with the fortunes of the extended poem in our time should read this one, ignoring the illustrations, which are unworthy of it, and the type-setting, which regrettably includes some errors. The poem has no difficulty in rising above its unflattering format. White, from which all the colors of the spectrum proceed, here represents the inscrutable source of all images which the poet, in his acts of making, must perilously explore. The sections of 10 lines each, with an elegant, self-allusive circularity, chronicle a poet's repeated forays into this mysterious region.

> *Out of poverty*
> *To begin again:*
>
> *With the color of the bride*
> *And that of blindness,*
>
> *Touch what I can*
> *Of the quick.*
>
> *Speak and then wait,*
> *As if this light*
>
> *Will continue to linger*
> *On the threshold.*

So the book begins, and at its halfway point:

> *We haven't gone far.*
> *Fear lives there too.*
>
> *Five ears of my fingers*
> *Against the white page.*
>
> *What do you hear?*
> *We hear holy nothing*
>
> *Blindfolding itself.*
> *It touched you once*
>
> *And tore like a surgeon's stitch*
> *Pulled quickly out of the wound.*

"We hear holy nothing / Blindfolding itself." It requires sharp ears to do that. *White* shows at times an understanding of the creative moment, of the silence out of which the word is uttered, which is so acute that it deserves to be termed mystical. This is Simic's most austere and intellectual work thus far, and yet it succeeds as well as any of his others in stirring and retaining the reader's attention.

Much has been written lately about the crippling effect of self-consciousness upon artists. Simic seems to be able to keep his self-consciousness under control, employing it in making needful

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

esthetic decisions, but effacing it when it threatens to become obtrusive or didactic. Other contemporary poets would do well to emulate this poise of his. Whatever effect his example may have upon our literature, however, Simic's career is bound to be a lonely one because of the singularity of his gift. Of this singularity he is thoroughly and unrepentantly aware:

Inside my empty bottle
I was constructing a lighthouse
While all the others
Were building ships.

Robert B. Shaw

Robert B. Shaw is a poet, critic and Briggs Copeland Lecturer on English at Harvard.

Books Considered

The Letters of Virginia Woolf Volume I: 1888-1912 ed. by Nigel Nicolson and Joanne Trautmann.

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $14.95)

During her lifetime Virginia Woolf seemed, as far as the public was concerned, a shadowy figure. She was an intensely private person. It was impossible to imagine her ever having anything like the public "image" some authors have had in Britain—for instance, her old friend and enemy Arnold Bennett. Her image in the literary world varied according to the point of view of the observer. To the general literary public she was, and has perhaps remained, the high priestess of Bloomsbury, a by-word for arcane obscurity and cultism (*Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*). Some readers were fascinated by the extreme subjectivity and strange poetry of her books; but there was always a strong middlebrow objection, persistently voiced, to the absence from them of conventional plot or character or story. Readers of the older generation, like Beatrice Webb, were repelled by what they thought affectation and preciousness, the cultivation of sensibility for its own sake, the lack of compelling drive and purpose in her novels. After her death by drowning in 1941 a tender elegiac note became common in what was said of her, typified by Sidney Keyes' poem, in which he saw the "unfortunate lady" as an Ophelia-like figure ("no more vex/ Her river-mind our towns and broken skies"). Today there is a tendency to assimilate her to late 20th-century views of the true artist; technically original, distraught, mad from time to time, a suicide, she has been enrolled among the author-martyrs whom the age demands. The writer of *The Waves* is seen as a link between the age of Leslie Stephen and Walter Pater and the age of Beckett and Sylvia Plath.

Meanwhile curiosity about the "real" Virginia Woolf, the private person, has grown. In a way she is among the authors we feel we know well. The voice in the essays, and the novels from *Jacob's Room* onwards, is as distinctive as any in our language. No one could mistake a page of Virginia Woolf for anyone else's. Yet her personality, in an age which cultivates personality, remains elusive, a faint image, like her beauty—she was a beautiful woman like her sister Vanessa, attractive to men, had several proposals of marriage before she accepted Leonard Woolf, but she was not photogenic. (The most compelling visual depiction of her is the head by Stephen Tomlin, which conveys not beauty, but fierceness and power.) Something has been done to gratify interest in the woman behind the books. The publication of *A Writer's Diary*, and the letters to Lytton Strachey, were followed by the biography by her nephew Quentin Bell. But the *Diary* is only a selection (a complete text is to be published under the editorship of Olivier Bell) and Quentin Bell's *Life*, though an admirably lucid record of facts, is not a "literary biography" as the phrase is now understood: Bell did not discuss Virginia Woolf's works and avoided, as far as possible, interpretation or analysis. The effect, for some readers, was to leave her still somewhat shadowy; the character who came into greater clarity and prominence was less the subject herself than her devoted Jewish husband, a sort of secular monk, a saint of humanism, who was to give Virginia all the security and happiness that was possible, to one of her nature and heredity, in her later years.

Those avid to know more of her private life are now to be given the complete letters; there are to be six volumes, annually from 1975, under the editorship of Nigel Nicolson (who edited the diaries and letters of his father Sir Harold) and Joanne Trautmann, a Penn. State professor. This publication is a matter for misgiving. I think there is a lot to be said for the late W. H. Auden's view that private letters should not be published. This kind of objection may come too late in the day; the practice of publishing the letters of eminent people is of long standing. And it must be admitted that most of us cannot regret the publication of the letters of Keats, of Hopkins, of D. H. Lawrence. If it is accepted that the letters of a politician or a general belong to the public domain, perhaps the choice of the *métier* of authorship similarly entails a surrender to the world. But it seems unfair to inflict this publicity on so intensely private a person. I am sure Virginia Woolf would have hated it.

Not that there is anything, in the first volume at any rate, to appeal to the kind of taste which has led so many people to buy Nicolson's *Portrait of a Marriage*. No "light," as they say, is "thrown" on the sexual life, or lack of it, of the young Virginia Stephen. It is plain that she greatly loved an older woman, Violet Dickinson, but whether the relationship was "lesbian" or not does not emerge. In one respect the letters seem to correct Quentin Bell's *Life*. He suggests that Virginia's frigidity—which appears to be established—may have been due in part to the psychological shock to her of the intimacies indulged with her and Vanessa by their half-brothers George and Gerald Duckworth. The evidence now made available gives a rather different picture, and the editors of the letters are no doubt right to take the view that in later years Virginia came to exaggerate both the extent and the distastefulness to her at the time, of these intimacies (though that she did do this is itself, of course, of psychological interest). It is also possible that the thrill of "incest" (Bell's index actually uses the word) contributed to her fantasy, with the overtones it must have had for so literary a person of Jacobean drama and the Romantic movement. The letters may make further inferences of this sort possible; but these must be left to the critics who practice psychiatry without a license.

The editors' defense of full publication is as good as can be found. "Virginia Woolf," says Nicolson, somewhat chillingly, "will be read and written about for centuries to come." About

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

3800 letters survive in public and private collections, and some now in private hands might disappear with the death of their owners. If only a selection were published the judgment of the selectors would always be questioned. Scholarship and literature must be allowed to judge for themselves. For some, these considerations may be sufficient to overrule the moral objection. The esthetic objection is greater. Of course it must remain to some degree in suspense until we have all the six volumes, but it operates strongly against the first volume. Apart from the satisfaction some may get from the sense of eavesdropping, these letters are of only moderate interest—of no more interest than one would expect from the family letters of an Edwardian lady reviewer, daughter of a distinguished Victorian literary man. That the lady was Virginia Stephen gives them, naturally, an added interest, but this is documentary, not intrinsic. In saying this I intend no censure; she was writing for her recipients, not for posterity. But if the letter is to be treated as a literary genre, it is not one in which, so far, she can be seen to excel. It is not only that she leaves out religion, politics, public affairs. She expresses no general ideas of any kind, never makes a truly funny joke or says a really witty thing. When she writes some literary criticism in the letters, as she does from time to time, she breaks off for fear of boring her correspondent. The total destruction of her letters to Bruce Richmond, editor of *The Times Literary Supplement*, is a great misfortune. Virginia Woolf was arguably the finest literary critic of her generation, and more discussion of books might have supplied the balance which is wanting in the present volume. What we have instead is mention of names, famous and less famous, a characteristic whimsicality, an occasional flight of fancy. Sometimes this is embarrassingly skittish.

> *You drive me to write. O melancholy creature why do you see specialists? I wish to god you wouldn't. What you want, probably, is air and food and good society: here you should have a couch beneath an Apple tree, and sometimes I would sing to you, and sometimes I would leap from branch to branch, and sometimes I would recite, my own works, to the Zither (August 1907).*

This passage is printed on the dust-jacket, as a tidbit to attract readers. We have to keep reminding ourselves that such things were not written for "readers," they were written for Violet Dickinson. It would be pleasant if one could say that these passages were poorly chosen, but I am afraid they are quite representative; as is this, for example, to Clive Bell, which is also quoted.

> *I think a great deal of my future and settle what book I am to write—how I shall re-form the novel and capture multitudes of things at present fugitive, enclose the whole, and shape infinite strange shapes (August 1908).*

Virginia Woolf the *writer*, the stylist, could do better than this, with its inane 'shape. . .shapes' and its flavor of Georgian poeticality. The diet offered in the first volume is insipid. It could strengthen the case of those who do not believe in her genius. There are some bright touches, but there is again and again a feeling of frustration, emptiness, pointlessness; like letters from someone in a prison, though a prison without bars.

Volume I is, then, no literary masterpiece. But in the end it may do Virginia Woolf no harm, and might even do good. The merits of the letters are negative. Despite what Nicolson says in his introduction, I can see no trace of the social snobbery and insular complacency she is often accused of. There are, it is true, turns of phrase which might offend the touchy egalitarian of the present day, but compared with the letters of some other socially privileged Edwardians these are inoffensive. She shows herself as affectionate, quickly sympathetic with the misfortunes of others, referring to her own episodes of insanity with courage and humor.

The volume is beautifully produced and scrupulously edited. It would be wrong to condemn the whole undertaking till we have more of the letters. But we are going to have to wait some years for them, and I wonder whether it would not, after all, have been better to make a one-volume selection. Interest in Virginia's playful manner, when she is "Goat" and "Sparrow" to her correspondents, could surely have been catered for by a few samples. It might have been possible to liven things up by printing some replies to her letters, where these survive, which the editors obviously cannot do in a collection already so huge. As it is the cultural historian will undoubtedly be grateful for the picture of a literary life extending from the last years of Leslie Stephen to the middle of World War II, but whether the admirer of Virginia Woolf's art, and the lover of literature in general, will profit so much is not yet obvious. I fear this ambitious enterprise may do rather more to encourage that traffic in gossip and relics which too often passes nowadays for an interest in literature.

W. W. Robson

W. W. Robson is professor of English literature at the University of Edinburgh. His recent publications include *Modern English Literature*. (Oxford).

Recasting Bourgeois Europe: Stabilization in France, Germany and Italy in the Decade after World War I by Charles S. Maier

(Princeton Univ. Press; $27.50)

"Fight on bravely, gentlemen of capital . . . But do not forget the hangman stands at the door!" Friedrich Engels' warning to the bourgeoisie in 1848 was the first of many prophecies that the crisis of capitalism was at hand and that the bourgeois economic and social order was about to collapse. But in fact the Capitalist system has shown remarkable powers of recovery and a capacity to adapt itself to new situations and to meet new challenges. Certainly this is not what Marx had predicted though it might have increased his already considerable admiration for the bourgeois achievement. Some later Marxists—the much-maligned Kautsky and at certain moments and in certain moods Antonio Gramsci—had an inkling of what was happening, but in general the Marxists never succeeded in explaining the survival of capitalism long after it should have moved on from its highest phase into oblivion. The impending collapse of capitalism was predicted in 1919, again during the world economic crisis of the early 1930s, at the end of World War II and, most recently, in 1973; yet each time it has survived and is still assumed as the natural order in the economically most advanced countries of the world.

Of these crises of capitalism, the one

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in which social, economic and political conditions seemed most favorable to revolution and in which the authorities were most alarmed was that in Europe between 1919 and 1923. The example of Lenin in Russia, the material losses and economic disruption caused by the war, the collapse of the political framework of most of Central and Eastern Europe and the disappointed expectations of a better world which for hundreds of thousands of ex-soldiers seemed the only justification of the horrors which they had survived, all combined to make the prospects of a successful revolution seem very bright. Why was there no general revolution after World War I? It remains a central question for the study of the history of the 20th century. Hitherto it has largely been studied in terms of the failure of the left, and, in particular, of the revolutionary elements in Germany and Italy. The equally interesting problem of how the conservatives managed to reconstruct the old order and give it a new lease of life has been strangely neglected. While much attention has been paid to right radical movements as well as to the revolutionaries on the left, the solid financiers, industrialists and politicians who were responsible for the revival of the Capitalist system in Europe have been largely ignored.

This gap has now been filled, as far as Germany, France and Italy are concerned, by Professor Charles Maier's impressive, if clumsily titled book. This is a major work of scholarship based on a wide range of unpublished sources (some of them remarkable finds, such as the archives of the Saint Gobain-Pont-à-Mousson iron and steel foundries) and on an impressive command of the secondary literature in four languages. It cannot have been an easy book to write; and it is certainly not an easy book to read, but it is a most important work of comparative history which asks many new questions and suggests new answers about one of the most crucial periods of the 20th century. Much of the discussion of the adaption of capitalism to new circumstances and of, for example, the problem of inflation, is as relevant to the 1970s as to the 1920s, and we must hope that Maier may go on to analyze both the recovery from the depression of the 1930s and the survival of capitalism after World War II.

Maier's main theme is that the old liberal system was in these years being replaced by what he calls, "with some reluctance," a corporatist approach. "Any major organized interest," he writes, "could disrupt a modern economy or internal social order, hence had to be silenced by duress or granted a minimum of demands. The need for brokerage switched the fulcrum of decision making from the legislature as such to ministries or new bureaucracies." As the state continued the wartime practice of interfering in private business, so the leaders of finance and industry as well as of labor were obliged to combine and organize themselves in order to defend their interests, with the result, as Maier puts it, of "blurring the distinction between political and economic power." In some cases there was nothing new in this: in imperial Germany, as a number of recent studies have shown, the workings of the Reichstag and of the whole political system can only be understood in terms of the interacting pressure groups and their access to the sources of power. What was new after the war was the increased scale of action which the business interests required from government. This is illustrated very well in Maier's detailed discussion of the politics of inflation and deflation and of the international monetary system, areas in which governments were forced to intervene to an unprecedented extent.

The period falls into three phases. In 1919 and 1920 the prospect of revolution seemed a very real one, and many political and economic differences could be forgotten in the construction of a common front against socialism. With the failure of the left, however, old political divisions and old political ambitions reappeared: there was an attempt by the political parties of the center to form governments and to cope with the problems of the post-war era—inflation, unemployment, the burden of an enormously increased public debt, the national frustrations and resentments left behind by the peace settlement. And in Germany, France and Italy, according to Maier's analysis, these moderate parliamentary forces found themselves unable to master the situation, to resolve the conflicting demands of the rival economic pressure groups. In Germany this meant the weakening of liberalism, and especially of the Democratic party which had in 1919 seemed to promise a serious source of middle-class backing for the new republic. In France, it meant the fragmentation of the Radical party (though this was nothing new, for its capacity to splinter and to come together

POETRY
AND REPRESSION
Revisionism from Blake to Stevens
Harold Bloom

"Poetry's job is to set up vibrations. Criticism's job is to analyze them. . . . Show me but one paragraph of Bloom's approach to texts, and I'm hooked. . . . I find sheer delight in his ingenious ways."—Kenneth Burke

"*Poetry and Repression* moves through powerful and useful studies of the strong poets of Romantic tradition toward a realm of speculation about the nature of imaginative creation, and about how poems, considered as manifestations of will, exist in time in their very struggle to outlast it. This book brings Harold Bloom's recent theories of what lies below the language of poems to bear on a central group of English and American writers."—John Hollander $11.95

THE HOLOCAUST AND THE LITERARY IMAGINATION
Lawrence L. Langer

Confronted with the unspeakable, the literary artist must yet find a voice. This profoundly understanding book analyzes the imaginative works of writers on the Holocaust—Elie Wiesel, Jerzy Kosinski, Jakov Lind, Heinrich Böll, and others—to show how unmitigated horror has been transmitted into art.

"Mr. Langer's book is superb. The lucidity of his style combines with depth of understanding and compassion for his subject. Something definitive is finally being said."—Guy Stern $12.50

Yale University Press **Yale** New Haven and London

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

again was its strength) and to a prolonged and unsuccessful effort to stabilize the franc and put French public finance on a firmer foundation than that provided by unfulfilled hopes of German reparation payments. It was in Italy that the failure of the old political groups was most marked; and here the right had to have recourse to an alliance with the Fascists and endorse an open attack on civil liberties and the democratic system. In the final phase of the period, a new, if temporary, stability emerged, with the conservatives and the corporate interests of big business and industry firmly in control of the political system and of the economy until the world recession brought new threats from 1930 onward.

This is much the same scheme as emerges when the period is viewed from the standpoint of the left rather than the right: a period of revolutionary hopes disappointed is followed by a period in which the liberals reveal where their real interests lie and therefore end up in alliance with the right, with the support or tacit consent of the reformist Socialists. But an account based on what the conservatives were doing in fact tells us more than the conventional version. Where the two analyses converge is in their treatment of Italian fascism, which emerges from both accounts as the extreme example of the methods which the bourgeoisie was prepared to use in order to maintain its position.

The men with whom Maier is concerned are those who actually wielded power instead of being in impotent opposition. He tells us in great detail what the leaders of the *Comité des Forges* or the *Confindustria* or the German steel cartels were thinking, how they were affected by inflation, what pressures they were able to exert on what political leaders. We get a real feeling of how the system worked and of the way in which decisions were taken, a sense of how the pressures were actually exercised, by whom and on whom. We also, in the scrupulous accumulation of detail, see how far from united the conservatives were. Their common action is always the result of tough bargaining, between agriculture and industry (the old deal between Iron and Rye which had been the basis of pre-war German conservatism), between Max Weber's *Erwerbsklassen* and *Besitzklassen*, "producers and savers or consumers," in Maier's version. The bourgeoisie was never the single entity that some of the simpler Marxists imagined it to be.

We may have reservations about the actual scheme that Maier uses: the corporate state as embodied in Fascist Italy is still something very different from the poor old Third Republic, and Maier is forced to admit that in Italy politics often took primacy over economics. The absence of Great Britain from the account makes it easier to ignore some of the international and imperialist aspects of the period, as well as sparing the author a number of phenomena which might not fit into his overall pattern. But, like all good historians, Maier uses his sociological models with discretion. They have suggested questions to him but have not dictated the answers. The value of the book lies above all in its detail, and its success derives from the fact that it comes as near as possible to Ranke's ideal of history which tells "how it actually was." It is a triumphant demonstration that the old-fashioned discipline of political economy is still nearer to the real world than all the theories of the econometricians, that conventional history which deals with who said what to whom and what the results were can still be more illuminating than pages of quasi-psychoanalytic speculation or endless quantitative tables.

James Joll

James Joll is professor of international history at the London School of Economics. His most recent book is *Europe Since 1870* (Harper & Row).

Ottoline: the Life of Lady Ottoline Morrell by Sandra Jobson Darroch

(Coward, McCann & Geoghegan; $12.50)

Ottoline at Garsington: Memoirs of Lady Ottoline Morrell 1915-1918 ed. by Robert Gathorne-Hardy

(Knopf; $12.50)

Her genius—for she was a kind of genius—was for combining herself with others so that their light glanced off her prismatic surface with multiplied brilliance. Her friends delighted in what she did for them—and some of them fell in love with her, though often to discover that they had embraced a refraction of themselves—if there was a "real" Ottoline Morrell behind her glitter it was that of an almost simple-minded woman of modest emotional force. But character is defined in terms of "outside" and "inside" somewhat arbitrarily in such a case; she, like the creative persons she knew, had with their help projected into the outer world an illusion that was as true as anything else about her.

Probably her achievement was only possible in the conditions of English culture just before and during World War I. The hereditary aristocracy to which she belonged—she was a Cavendish-Bentinck whose ancestors had been rich and powerful in Tudor times—still could produce from its stock such a revolutionary spirit as Bertrand Russell, the ruling middle-class could throw off gifted eccentrics like Lytton Strachey and Aldous Huxley, and at the same time D. H. Lawrence emerged out of a miner's cottage. Yet only in the theater she provided could the first three and the last be made to interact; she brought them together and she was important to all four. To say that she was a "hostess" defines her inadequately. Her taste in art and people was keen if not profound and she was wealthy and kind. The new breed of 20th-century art and letters flocked to her house in Bloomsbury where upper-class deviance had already begun to combine with the Bohemia of pre-war London. Her country estate of Garsington became a symbolic ambiance for the mixtures of the future—this house of ancient Cotswold stone set in its garden of trees and ponds mentioned in Domesday Book was converted by the Morrells in 1915 into a bizarre setting which took its style from Bakst. The venerable paneling was painted Chinese red and peacock blue to match the hair and eyes of the chatelaine who draped her six-foot person in theatrical costumes, and her languors and intensities seemed both sibylline and sexy. Amid odors of potpourri she staged an endless ballet about her of the notable and the promising. It was the war, however, which gave Garsington the temporary aspect of Arcadia. Ottoline and her husband were pacifists and the pacifist intelligentsia found there a retreat from the jingoistic hysteria of the moment. The conscientious objectors were sheltered and given farm chores to do so

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that they might claim exemption, and Philip Morrell, a Liberal MP, aided in their defense in the courts. Ottoline campaigned to save the life of Roger Casement, the Irish nationalist hanged as a spy in 1916.

She figures, naturally, in everybody's memoirs and letters, and in the biographies, recently more frank, of the famous whom she knew. Her own recollections for posterity were moderately confessional, but when the first volume was published in 1963, its editor, Robert Gathorne-Hardy, felt it necessary to excise passages that hinted at her sex life. Subsequently Bertrand Russell's own *Autobiography* disclosed his long relationship with her and books about Bloomsbury have set a new standard about the lives of other friends—Michael Holroyd's biography of Augustus John just last year delineated another one of her important love-affairs. Now Gathorne-Hardy has issued the balance of her *Memoirs* with only minimal deletions and the addition of the previously blanked out passages about Russell. And at last we have a biography of her which is based on still other unpublished materials, particularly letters to her from Russell and others.

As told by Sandra Jobson Darroch, Ottoline's story is a straightforward factual narrative which fills in the omissions in her subject's own account and goes on to the years they do not cover. She has chosen, she says, "a reporting technique in preference to an interpretive one" and seems to feel that Ottoline's character might not repay elaborate pondering since she was "not a creative person." Yet her life may well be viewed today in the context of the growing knowledge we have of female life-patterns in the late 19th and early 20th century. Her father, who died before he could inherit the title of Duke of Portland, was a general, and she was the only sister of four brothers. When her eldest brother became duke she was brought to the family seat of Welbeck where the hunting bloods of England were regularly entertained during orgies of destruction in the countryside (on one visit the Prince of Wales and his party ended the lives of 1081 pheasant, 400 hares and rabbits and three woodcock). Amid this egregious masculine aggressiveness the girl, excruciatingly shy and serious, resisted as best she could efforts to marry her into her brothers' set. Years later, a psychiatrist would tell her that her brothers had played "an undue part" in her life. Her wealth and position did not make her less disadvantaged as a female than lower-class women of her day. Denied a formal education (the sex discrimination that never ceased to enrage the daughter of Sir Leslie Stephen) she escaped a conventional marriage only by the merest luck, like Virginia Woolf, because both her parents died when she was quite young. She tried, unsuccessfully, then, to pursue university study but discovered her lack of preparation to be a fatal handicap and turned to her true mode of escape which was friendship. She was attached first to father and brother figures as formidable as those in her family—the 69-year-old Archbishop of York, the 45-year-old Herbert Asquith, and a mysterious fashionable doctor, Axel Munthe, with whom she managed a hectic affair during a chaperoned European tour. At 28 she did marry, and very wisely, a man of great good nature who was to help her create a haven of bright spirits in the English wasteland and willing to view her sexual freedom with equanimity.

When she was 35 she fell in love with Augustus John, and from this point on her character must be seen in the context of relationships that helped to define her to herself and others. She saw herself as ministering to John's creative flame—she would always maintain in her relationships this sense of dedication and mission, the effect of her pious girlhood. But John saw her as she also expressed herself in dress and manner—a personality not unlike his own. He, too, was a tall, mesmerizing figure, who had a gypsy air, gold earrings in his ears, eyes that seemed to expand and contract their gray-green—"like a sea anemone," she once said. What he saw in her is visible in the portraits he painted, particularly the later half-length which is reproduced on the jacket of the new volume of *Memoirs*. Holroyd describes it: "Her head, under its flamboyant topsail of a hat, is held at a proud angle and she wears, like rigging, string upon string of slightly moulting pearls . . . above a bottle-green velvet dress. Her eyes are rolled sideways in their sockets like those of a runaway horse and her mouth bared in a soundless scream."

With Russell she had the most important of her friendships; there are more than 2500 letters that he wrote her and about 1500 replies that she sent him during their affair (1911-1915) and for years afterwards. Despite her access to these Darroch does not much alter the picture Russell himself gave. In his *Biography* he states that Ottoline and the war had combined to rejuvenate a man who had come to think of himself as a Faust who had bartered passion for the achievements of mathematical logic. His marriage had long been a dead thing; he had poured his energies into his *Principia* and remained desperately celibate for nine years. Just at the breaking-point he had encountered Ottoline with her air of priestess and odalisque and he fell into the most intense amorous devotion of his life. Ottoline, though swept up by his powerful feelings and awed by his mind, never seems to have fully shared his ardor and records that the greatest philosopher of the century even repelled her by his puny frame and ugly visage, and, above all, his unbearable halitosis. Still she managed to reciprocate sufficiently to retain his flattering devotion—and satisfy her own sense of her role as Ministrant and Muse. Her affair was tolerated by Philip, who seems to have understood her intentions and to whom she was always devoted—the darkest pages of her autobiography, we now learn, mark a period when the long-suffering husband strayed, once, himself. The war knit the three together in the anti-conscription fight.

With Lytton Strachey she achieved a relationship that was as close as these liaisons. Strachey became one of the most frequent of her guests. He flattered her by comparing her drawing-room to Madame du Deffand's—sincerely (though she could not have written the famous letters of the 18th-century Frenchwoman) because he saw himself as another Voltaire. But as he was not Voltaire, neither was Garsington Sceaux. And he could write to friends describing it as "a regular galanty-show—very like Ottoline herself, in fact, very impressive, patched, gilded, and preposterous." There was, in fact, something decidedly camp about Ottoline and nobody was better suited to appreciate this than Strachey whose homosexuality inclined him to sexual impersonation and transvestism; alone in her boudoir they

WRITERS WHY WAIT?
PUBLISH YOUR BOOK IN 90 DAYS
. . . and get expert editing, design, manufacture, publicity, promotion and advertising—all under one roof at low costs. Two **free books** and literature give details and success stories. Write or call Dept. 107
EXPOSITION PRESS, INC.
900 So. Oyster Bay Rd., Hicksville, N.Y. 11801
(516) 822-5700

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had long gossipy chats and confessed their secret passions—at least once for the same man, Henry Lamb. Their talks might be interspersed with giggles and girlish romps in which he would dress up in her clothes and totter about in her high-heeled shoes. With their similarly elongated figures, reddish hair and prominent features, they must have looked alike. His response to her, like that of the others, was divided between his need of the fantasy she helped him create and the skeptical, lucid view compelled by his intelligence. So, at least, I would explain his purring letters to her and acid comments to Virginia Woolf, Clive and Vanessa Bell, Duncan Grant, David Garnett. Though Carrington, the *dévote* of his last years disliked Ottoline, it was because she resented the way his imagination was held by the woman whom he compared to the great priestesses and saints of history. Frieda Lawrence was to be similarly resentful, confessing to Ottoline, "I would not mind if you and [Lawrence] had an ordinary love-affair—what I hate is this soul-mush."

Lawrence provides the most striking instance of the way Ottoline aroused the creative imagination—and also stimulated it to rejection. She fascinated him at first by being an even more exalted noblewoman than Frieda and gloriously sympathetic; he saw her as the "nucleus of a new community which shall start a new life amongst us"—his projected Florida Utopia, Rananim. She saw him, in turn, as a prophet of the intuitive and rightly predicted the electric effect he would have on Russell who had become disgusted with his own character as a "logic-machine." Lawrence was first delighted with Russell but ended by accusing him of being pacifist out of hate and blood-lust in a letter so crushing that Russell thought, for a day, of suicide. He rejected Ottoline also, seeing in her, after a while, the excess of will that seemed to him a positive evil and he transmuted her lineaments into a portrait more astonishing than John's maenadic painting—the character of Hermione Roddice in *Women in Love*. Hermione, of course, was imagined by Lawrence for her function in his fiction, but the resemblance to Ottoline was close enough to estrange her from him, and perhaps does represent his negative view of "the Ott," as he came to call her. She and Philip, at any rate, threatened Lawrence's agents that if the book were published they would sue for libel—and thus they may have helped to keep it from appearing for several years.

The impulse to put Ottoline into a book was strong. Years before she had had an affair with a middleaged Oxford lecturer named John Adam Cramb who described her in a totally forgotten novel called *Cuthbert Learmont*. Later it was Aldous Huxley who, after years of residence at Garsington wrote *Crome Yellow*, which seemed to caricature not only the Morrells but their whole circle. Huxley protested that he had intended these figures only as convenient pegs for a debate of ideas, but in *Those Barren Leaves* he hurt her even more with a recognizable aged Ottoline, ludicrous, fatuous, the "Lady Omega Muddle" that Lytton had once named her. Virginia Woolf spoke of writing a Garsington novel, yet never did so, unless we think that *Mrs. Dalloway*, with its vision of the hostess as artist, was suggested in a very remote way by Ottoline. Very clearly Philip Morrell, anyhow, appears in that book as Hugh Whitbread (Whitbread and Morrell are both names of English brewers).

Ottoline ended her own memoirs in 1918 feeling rightly that the great period of her life was over with the war. She continued to make friends—Eliot wrote her over a hundred letters between 1919 and her death in 1938, and in the '30s Yeats was the leading celebrity at her London gatherings. But there were no more intensities such as she had shared with Russell or Strachey or Lawrence. She turned to younger persons and was not always rewarded with response. The elusive Siegfried Sassoon repeatedly rebuffed her efforts at intimacy. She interested herself in the still younger generation and, as Stephen Spender recalls, "helped them, interfered with their personal lives, was loved and hated by them." And they too could not help but turn her into a figure partly of truth, partly of fancy. Spender's own pages on her—angrily disputed by Gathorne-Hardy, are among the most hilarious she ever stimulated. The Australian W. J. Turner wrote still another novel in which she met a walking ghost of herself which she shuddered to recognize. One of Turner's characters says that the heroine is like Switzerland, the Russian Ballet or the Tower of Pisa: "She is known only to tourists or sightseers. They look at her and go away—and write books about her."

Millicent Bell

Millicent Bell is the author of *Edith Wharton and Henry James* (Braziller).

Kabbalah and Criticism by Harold Bloom

(Seabury Press; $6.95)

To most readers, "Kabbalah" suggests magical numerology, dusty theosophy, forbidden mysteries and the shelves of second-hand bookstores that used to be labeled "Occult." The history of this alternative, counter-and antithetical-Tradition, from before 13th-century Spain and the book called the *Zohar*, through its reinterpretation in 16th-century Palestine by Moses Cordovere and Isaac Luria, has been profoundly and elegantly explored by Gershom Scholem throughout his works, and particularly in a recently published account. Professor Harold Bloom of Yale, a theorist of the poetic imagination, published a penetrating review of Scholem's book, in which he suggested that some of the strange concepts of Kabbalistic theology (such as the relations of emanations of divinity to the Godhead itself) might be useful for a totally naturalistic theory of figurative truth. Now in a provocative little book, he has explored this connection much further. But because this exploration is the evident tip of a submerged textual iceberg, it might be useful to consider the importance of Kabbalah for the author's entire critical theory. Controversial, somewhat misshapen and only partly understood, it has nevertheless contributed significantly to discussions of the ways in which reading what we might think of as our secular Scriptures can become more than academic, scholastic exercises.

Harold Bloom's massive revision of contemporary critical theory has been going on now for some years, covering the English romantic poets generally, and most recently the relation between tradition and the psychological creation. In *The Anxiety of Influence* he started out with a revisionary view of Anglo-American literary modernism and its refusal to countenance its romantic origins, a gesture of disavowal whose very motions betray the family resemblances being denied. He then went on to classify six stances or positions which major literary works could take toward crucial prior texts, and which their poets were thereby taking toward their precursors.

His model was the Freudian family romance, although he was not dealing with biological families, but rather with the tribes of the imagination, and he was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

concerned not with what has been called rhetorical criticism, or the consideration of the poem as a linguistic and formal structure, but rather with the poem as the manifestation of an intention to utter something lasting or even prophetic, in a tradition of uttering. He almost came to hypostatize the relations between poems—not the "sources and analogues" of tiresome early philological study, but the equivalents for the poetic life of the dynamic structures that Freud had mapped for the acculturated biological one. In *A Map of Misreading* he did two things: first he sought to associate the writing of an important poem with a misreading, rather than only with an attitude toward a prior one, arguing for the genuinely creative power of such misreadings as mistakings rather than errors; and second, he endeavored to engage some of the more sophisticated rhetorical criticism of the present moment by associating the revisionary ratios, or patterns of literary father-son relation, with distinctive tropes, figures and other devices for gaining the power that lies beyond the literal truth. Thus for his equivalents of being a chip off the old block, or a "—and Son," or a quester for one's *real* father, for example, he sought to connect the tropes of metaphor, irony, synecdoche and so forth. This association depended upon a peculiar way of interpreting the traditional tropes and figures, even in the generalized sense of "master tropes" which he derived from Vice and from Kenneth Burke. Indeed Bloom's theory demands that we somehow take figuratively the very notion of figure itself.

Such a scheme would have been problematic enough, and provided sufficient material for discussions of how to apply it to the reading of —or rather *through*—major English poetry, for years to come. But Bloom went dangerously further, and sought to map his series of basic poetic devices in a more general domain of the human psyche. This last stage of relation for him was between tropes and Freudian defenses, which he systematically connected. Put very simply, this is like saying that fictions *are*, after all, like lies (the kind we tell ourselves, for example), that non-literal assertions are like the equivocations by and with which we live and keep sane (even though they must often needs be broken down in the care of illness). The title of his forthcoming *Poetry and Repression*, which promises to study poetic revisionism from Blake to Wallace Stevens, puts this association with an almost polemical clarity.

The peculiar function of Bloom's little book on Kabbalah is to reinforce this connection between trope and psychic defense. By analyzing the violent and grotesque phases of Creation as poetically treated in the *Zohar* and, with important revisions, centuries afterward by the Safed Kabbalists, he found a basic rhythm of contraction, filling and breaking, and restitution, which he rushed to diagram into his prior schemata as areas of what he termed limitation, substitution and representation. *Kabbalah and Criticism* provides a genetic link between the exemplary phenomenon of Kabbalah as a *model* for all neoteric, or modern (as opposed to classical) literatures, and a theory of the poetic imagination which employs Kabbalah's own concepts of withdrawing from linguistic signification (or, indeed from truth), filling it with meaning (as an effusion of will, of intending to utter) to overflowing, and a final restitution of meaning in a transformed significance.

Bloom's concerns with belatedness, with the struggle with prior greatness as the only mode of approaching greatness, gave such a text as the *Zohar* a heavy explanatory value for him, had he cared to use it to explain. A view of literary history which implicitly embraces a model of prophecy and fulfillment (*e.g.*, classical antiquity and then the Renaissance), also can be implicitly said to depend upon a bi-Testamentary model (the New redeeming and giving full meaning to the Old). The *Zohar*, written in medieval Spain, in Aramaic (rather than in Hebrew, Spanish or even Arabic), is obsessed with its own *modernity*, coming after Scripture, after rabbinic tradition, even after Christianity. For Bloom, this essential Kabbalistic work is a better figure for all modernisms of various sorts throughout Western literary history than the bi-Testamentary one (which he might—although perhaps I assume too much—associate with the rhetorical criticism of Northrop Frye).

But the *Zohar* is in good part a violently anti-traditional interpretation of the Creation sections of *Genesis*, Bloom, who knows how central a figure for major poetry's sense of its own origins was the Great Creating Word of *Genesis* (*e.g.* Milton's association of Creation with creating poems) was quick to observe that a belated vision of the Origin would revise the traditional account by starting out with a Divine presence that filled everything, and therefore had to contract, withdraw, make room for Something, by providing a Nothing to be filled. The relation between this mythology, as it were, and the psychology of composition—the sense of originality (which has changed, in the last century, to one of being one's own source, rather than close to The Source), to the actual manifestation of these matters in the ways in which poems say one thing and mean another—is now the subject of his work.

The present book contains three essays. The first is the account of Gershom Scholem mentioned earlier; it is in some ways the most lucid thing Bloom has written in years, in that it does not eschew explanation. Properly speaking, it cannot be considered part of his oeuvre, which in the final essay, "The Necessity of Misreading," maintains quite baldly what he has said elsewhere in his writings: "A theory *of* poetry must belong *to* poetry, must *be* poetry, before it can be of any use in interpreting poems." This is so palpably not what people who interpret poems believe, that some other sense must be made of "interpreting." That this sense is deeply Freudian, rather than, as it were, novelistic, has created difficulties for Bloom's theory, and more than one sympathetic reader of his works has observed that Bloom's "Necessity of Misreading" (the title of his third essay), itself calls for a kind of misreading if it is to be used in "interpreting" (in the usual sense) poems at all. Bloom himself hints at this. The condensed, often wild, frequently humorous and good natured tone of this little book (particularly at moments when he is acknowledging the manifest outrageousness of one of his own statements) helps to make some of its difficulties easier to get by. Bloomian "misreading" is indeed creative interpreting, and this book is an excellent introduction to what it can and cannot do (I would cite, for example, the brilliant page and a half on Wallace Stevens' "Anecdote of the Jar" in the third essay). Despite the eccentricity of the material of Kabbalah itself, the book's misprision of it lines it up with the central concerns of the intersecting studies of Tradition and Creation Anew, within which every important poem creates new wonder.

John Hollander

John Hollander's most recent books are *Tales Told of the Fathers* (Atheneum) and *Vision and Resonance* (Oxford).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Classifieds

Personals

SILENCE aggressive, obnoxious Television commercials. Stifle Hucksters! Guarantee increased viewing pleasure. Get SOUND-OFF-send ONE dollar now: IELFIELD, Chittenango, New York 13037.

ARE YOU SERIOUS ABOUT OPEN HOUSING? Back OPEN - a non-profit, mortgage fund making loans to minorities and whites for pro-integration housing moves. Get facts on how you can help OPEN - and how OPEN can help you. Write James Farmer and Morris Milgram, Fund for an OPEN Society, Box NR, 8702 Crispin Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19136

HANDFORGED HOOP EARRINGS for pierced ears. Sterling Silver $4; 14KT. gold $20 ppd. 1⅛" diameter. Satisfaction guaranteed. JAMES DEAN, Jewelrysmith, 309 W. Matheson, Healdsburg, California 95448

CORRESPONDENTS WANTED Gentleman, age 36, wants to correspond with Jewish lady, any age, who is interested in politics. Will answer all letters from anywhere in U.S. New Republic Box 7350

HOMESTEADING DIVORCEE, 51, desires and/or date unencumbered man with similar interests. New Republic Box 7355.

UNATTACHED MALE, 32, bored by game players in smoky singles bars, seeks intelligent, educated, attractive woman who is unafraid of serious emotional commitment. New Republic Box 7375.

PROSPECTIVE MEDICAL STUDENT seeks wife to help him through. New Republic Box 7360.

WATCHBAND CALENDAR — $2;ppd.; 2/$3.50; 3/$5. IDEA HOUSE, Rye, New York, 10580

BIORHYTHMS-ACHIEVE YOUR POTENTIAL! Better health, greater efficiency. Physical, Emotional, Intellectual rhythms charted. 12-month set, comprehensive explanation. Send birthdate, $5.95. LifeCycle Bionics-R, Box 2055, Boulder, Colorado 80302

JOIN NEGATIVE POPULATION GROWTH, Inc., 103 Park Avenue, Room 414 (R2), New York, 10017 and help us reduce the population by at least 50%. Free brochure.

PHILOSOPHER T-SHIRTS: Plato, Aristotle, Spinoza, Nietzsche, Hegel, Karl Marx, Bertrand Russell. $5.00 each. 4/$18.00. WARREN ST. PRESS, 29 Warren St. Cambridge, Massachusetts 02141

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS IN DEPTH, $10.00 and sample to Elisabeth King, 41 E. 29th Street, New York 10016

HISTORICAL WOMEN T-SHIRTS—Amelia Earhart, Virginia Woolf, Susan B. Anthony, Gertrude Stein, Emma Goldman, $5 each. 4/$18. WARREN SCREEN PRESS, 29 Warren, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02141

DATES GALORE! Meet singles—anywhere. Call DATELINE, Toll-free (800) 451-3245

SINGLE GAL wishes to contact same, (50-ish) as a not-too-expert partner in sports; also concerts, operas. Santa Rosa, California area ONLY. New Republic Box 7365.

Bumperstickers

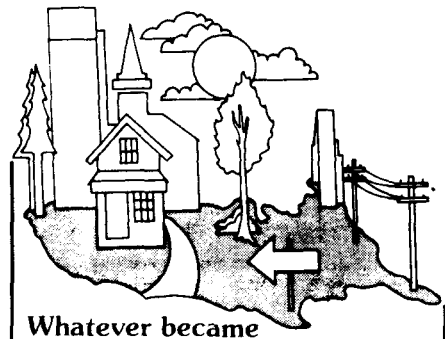
"LET'S GET A NEW FORD, Dump Jerry, Draft Betty." "Jefferson to Ford in 200 years, And we're Celebrating?" Bumperstickers $1.00, 3/$2.00, James Spriggs, Dept. TRN-1, Rapidan, Virginia 22733

BUMPERSTICKERS, DECALS, BUTTONS, POSTERS. Custom-made, lowest prices. Information, samples: 50¢. Sullivan Advertising, 16 North Central, St. Louis, Missouri 63105

"FORD IS AN EDSEL" bumpersticker--$1.00; 3/$2.50. P.O. Box 931, Richmond, Virginia 23207. Virginians add 4%.

BUMPERSTICKERS, DECALS, BUTTONS Low cost, custom made advertising for your Business, Special Event, Organization or Political Campaign. Buy direct from manufacturer and SAVE! Please state intended use for appropriate samples. Write for Free Brochure. Price list and Samples. REFLECTIVE ADVERTISING INC. Dept. NR. 8551 Page Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri 63114 Phone (314) 423-5495.

Celebration '76 Radio



Whatever became of the fourteenth and fifteenth colonies?

Tune in to the story of

Florida

on The States of the Union

NATIONAL PUBLIC RADIO's weekly series devoted to the 50 states. Check local listings for broadcast times, or **write:**

National Public Radio

2025 M St., N.W. Washington, D.C. 20036

60¢ per word

400,000 readers

#3 ON THE HOUSE

THE NEW REPUBLIC'S special introductory "3 for 2" offer works like this. You pay for 2 insertions . . . we give you #3 FREE (on the house). Why? Because THE NEW REPUBLIC knows that your multiple insertions produce the results your advertising deserves.

☐ Please run the enclosed ad _____ times.
☐ Advance payment of _____ enclosed.

TNR CLASSIFIEDS
. . . the foundation for your successful advertising!

TNR Box numbers = 3 words to cover cost of postage and handling
(See frequency rates next page)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Campaign '76

FRANK P. ZEIDLER and QUINN BRISBEN head our 1976 ticket. Help these democratic Socialist candidates get on the ballot in *your* state. Write Socialist Party USA, 1012 North Third Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53203

Stationery

PROFESSIONALS - top quality business/social stationery at discount. Colorful sampler/catalogue 50¢. Jacques Stationery, (395N), Wallingford, Vermont 05773

Literature

MICHAEL HARRINGTON'S NEWSLETTER of the Democratic Left; political, labor, feminist developments plus informed analysis of energy, economic crisis, and future of socialism. $5/year. Newsletter, 853 Broadway, Room 617, New York, New York 10003

FREE BOOK. Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ. Megiddo Mission, Dept. 72, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, New York 14619

READ THE GUARDIAN—Newsweekly gives MARXIST viewpoint on national and international news. Special 8-week trial sub., $1.00 GUARDIAN, Dept. N.R., 33 West 17th Street, New York, New York 10011 (Full Year $12.50, student $7.50)

CHAIRMAN MAO'S BIG RED BOOK—fully illustrated, coffee table size. Original, rare gift autographed by editor. $20, Logan Press, Box 1507, Gilroy, California 95020.

Literary Services

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK! Join our successful authors: publicity, advertising, promotion, beautiful books. All subjects invited. Send for free manuscript report and detailed booklet. Carlton Press, Dept. RZA, 84 Fifth Avenue, New York, 10011

PUBLISH YOUR OWN BOOK. We print as few as 200 copies paperback, hard cover, pamphlets. Quality, economy, and cooperation. FREE Details, Graphic-copy, Box 285R, Floral Park, New York 11011

WRITERS — "UNSALABLE" MANUSCRIPT? Try AUTHOR AID ASSOCIATES, 340 East 52nd Street, New York City 10022

Books Wanted

WANTED: BOOKS BY MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE, WOLCOTT GIBBS. Any condition, clothbound, paperback. Philip Terzian, 3801 Connecticut Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20008.

Foreign Studies

MEET RUSSIANS FACE-TO-FACE on 3-week nonpolitical non-profit exchange visits to the USSR. Open to qualified Americans, all ages, occupations. Departures June through December. Write-Wire-Phone Citizen Exchange Corps, Dept. NR, 101 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10017 (212) 889-7960

Employment Wanted

I'LL GO ANYWHERE FOR YOU: Astute, competent, commonsensical traveler; long /hard journeys a specialty (legal only). T. Major, P.O. Box 12211, Seattle 98112

Employment Opportunities

TEACHERS-ADMINISTRATORS - current school, college openings list in U.S. $5.95, abroad $5.95. Leading placement sources U.S. $3.95, foreign $4.95. EISN, Box 662, Newton, Massachusetts 02162

FRR "MINI-CATALOG." Jobs! Careers! Thousands! Opportunities Unlimited, 301 Orchard-28E1, Farmington, New Mexico 87401

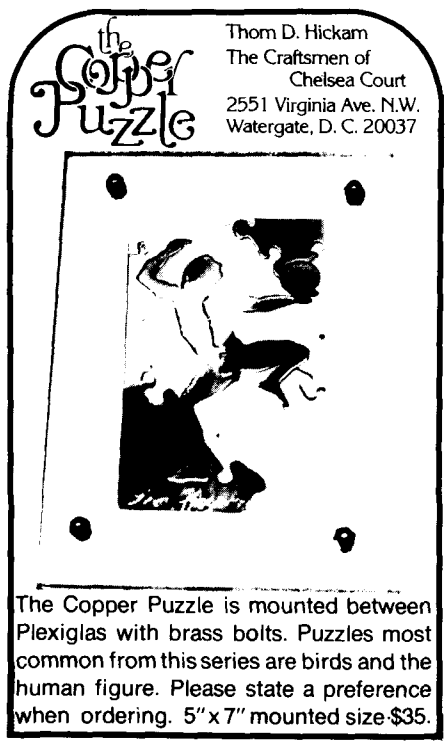
Business Opportunities

HOW TO MAKE MONEY writing short paragraphs. Information free. Barrett, Dept. C-456-K, 6216 N. Clark, Chicago, 60660

Vacation/Travel

PLEASANT BACKPACKING - rock climbing, x-country skiing, canoeing in Eastern U.S./Canada. Experienced leadership. Families/singles. ODYSSEY, LTD., 26 Hilltop, Berkeley Heights, New Jersey 07922. (201) 322-8414.

Arts/Crafts



The Copper Puzzle is mounted between Plexiglas with brass bolts. Puzzles most common from this series are birds and the human figure. Please state a preference when ordering. 5"x7" mounted size $35.

1976 TOTEM ANIMAL CALENDAR. Plains Indian vision drawings by Tom Pohrt. $4.00 refundable. BEAR CLAW PRESS, 215 Bucholz Court, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48104

ANTIQUE DOLLS AND GAMES WANTED. Please state condition, price. S.D.W., 189 Forts Ferry Road, Latham, New York 12110.

"GETTING STARTED IN STAINED GLASS" 50¢ Whittemore, Box 2065PP, Hanover, Massachusetts 02339

BEADED PENDANT KIT

$3.95

Highly polished imported wooden beads. 5" pendant plus bracelet; everything you need to string in 30 min. Brilliant colors: choose fashion shades of plum, rust, teal blue, dark green. $3.95 plus 50¢ post. & handling. D.C. res. add 5% s.t. Completed necklace $8.50 ppd. BEAD BASH #322, 1221 Mass. Ave. NW, Wash., D.C. 20005.

Records/Tapes

FREE AMERICA'S LARGEST CLASSICAL CATALOG. Over 2,000 New Stereo Recordings. Renaissance, Medieval, Baroque, Classical, Romantic, Modern Music. Highest quality! Budget Label prices! Available only by mail. MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY, Box 932 NR, New York, New York 10023

CLASSICAL CASSETTES! FREE CATALOG. Better quality. 50% less cost than records. CCC, Box 506 NR, Saddle River, Newe Jersey 07458

Music

PROTECT YOUR ALBUMS. White cardboard replacement jackets 35¢. Gray plastic lined inner sleeves 15¢. Postage $1.25. Record boxes and 78 sleeves available. CABCO TNR-2, Box 8212, Columbus, Ohio 43201.

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS by Sperrhake, Dependable, beautiful moderately priced. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Maryland.

DULCIMERS, FRETLESS BANJOS of highest quality craftsmanship and materials. Sunhearth, Roaring Spring, Pennsylvania 16673

Classified Rates

Per word (single insertion) ..... 60¢
Per word 6 times in one contract year ..... 55¢
Per word 12 times in one contract year ..... 50¢
Per word 24 times in one contract year ..... 45¢
Per word 48 times in one contract year ..... 40¢

Payment in Advance of Insertion Required for Less Than 24 Insertions in One Year
24 & 48 Insertions Billed Monthly with One Month's Payment in Advance

Copy Deadline: 19 days prior to Saturday issue date.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
1220 Nineteenth Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INTRODUCING 5,137 EDITORS WHO ARE LOOKING FOR WRITING TALENT.

LIKE YOURS.

Sometimes truth *is* stranger than fiction. And strange as it may seem, in 1976, the publishing world needs *you* just as much as you need *them.*

Writer's Market '76 lists *5,137* different editors who want to pay you good money for your brains, talent, imagination and hard-won writing skills.

They want to buy your novels, plays, short stories, poetry, greeting cards, gags, fillers, columns and scripts for radio, television and audiovisual materials.

How *much* will they pay you? Find out in Writer's Market '76! This remarkable volume tells you who these editors are. Their names, addresses and telephone numbers. How to *query them. How to prepare your manuscript to meet their* specific requirements. How long it should be. How to slant it to their audiences. What kind of material their readers have most enjoyed in the past. What kind they are most apt to buy right now. When you'll get paid.

This useful, practical information comes to you in the editor's own words, as openly and candidly as if you were sitting across a desk from him. Result? You know their warts, their worries, their wants as never before.

The 5,137 entries are divided into more than 180 categories, listed in alphabetical order and indexed for quick, easy use. All this information is just as up-to-date as it can possibly be. The latest personnel changes. Address changes. Policy changes. Editorial requirement changes. Hundreds of new markets not included in last year's edition.

There are 976 fact-filled inspiring pages in Writer's Market '76, telling you everything you need to know about selling your work to consumer publications, sponsored publications, farm publications, trade and technical journals, professional journals, book publishers, subsidy book publishers, foreign markets and a world of freelance markets such as author's agents, play producers, play publishers, greeting card manufacturers, syndicates, the audiovisual, gag and humor markets.

And perhaps best of all, Writer's Market '76 brings you down-to-earth information about freelancing. How to break into print. How to write a query letter. How to prepare and mail a manuscript. How long to wait for a reply. How to copyright your work.

Writer's Market '76 is the book that can *make* you as a writer. Make you a little richer. Maybe even make you famous. And make you friends with some of the 5,137 top editors in the publishing world. Use the coupon below to send for it today.

Writer's Market '76
9933 Alliance Road, Cincinnati, Ohio 45242

☐ YES! 5,137 editors are enough for me! Send me ___ copies of *Writer's Market '76* at $12.50 each. I understand I may return the book(s) within 30 days for money back refund, if not completely satisfied. (Please add 50¢ for postage and handling.)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

☐ Payment enclosed

☐ Charge my Master Charge ☐ BankAmericard

Account No. _____

Interbank _____
(Master Charge Only)

E212

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED